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THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND:

FOR THE YEAR

1838.

BY

THE REV. W. CARUS WILSON, M. A.

RECTOR OF WHITTINGTON,
AND PERPETUAL CURATE OF CASTERTON,

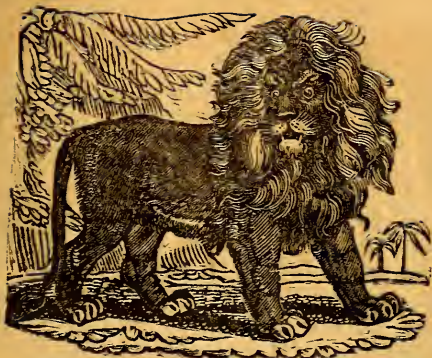
VOL. XV.

KIRKBY LONSDALE:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY A. FOSTER.

SOLD BY L. & G. SEELEY, FLEET STREET, LONDON;
AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.





THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 169. JANUARY, 1838. Vol. 15.

DANIEL.

I do not think that I can do better, than give my young readers the example of Daniel at the beginning of this new year. Sure I am, that of all the histories contained in the Old and New Testament, there is no one more instructive for young people. And sure I am, that if my young readers set this example before them, and pray, and strive to follow it, this will be to them a happy new year, whatever trials and difficulties it may bring along with it.

Daniel was very young when he was placed in the midst of every temptation to do wrong; and Daniel had the same evil heart that we all have, and the same

disposition to turn away from the right path. It was Daniel's lot to see his country fall into the hands of enemies. Oh! what should we feel if we were driven out of our peaceful homes, on the wide world, and deprived of all we possess! Let us never forget to thank God for the quiet days we live in.

But Daniel was called to wait on the heathen king of Babylon, Nebuchadnezzar, who had besieged Jerusalem. And this wicked king had given orders that he and others, who were to stand and wait in the king's palace, were to be fed well for three years, that they might look plump and fat! Don't you think that this was a great temptation? But the Lord was with Daniel; and though only a poor helpless boy, he purposed in his heart that he would not eat and drink to excess; and he begged that he might only have pulse to eat, and water to drink. And as it was found that his countenance was even fairer on this poor food, than that of the other boys who had their portion of the king's meat, they let him have his way. Thus God can keep you, my dear children, under every temptation to intemperance; yes, and learn, that he can so bless very poor food as to make and keep you more healthy upon it than many who live far better.

Then you know how Daniel got into high favour with the king by telling him

the meaning of his dream, and he was made ruler over all the province of Babylon. But human greatness is not to be trusted in. Ali saw that there was an excellent spirit in Daniel; but his very excellence gave rise to envy, and the presidents and princes were bent on his ruin. Ah! no one need wish to be in a high state in this world. The lowly valley, where no one sees, is best and happiest on the long run. Now Daniel's character stood so high, that they could find no fault with any thing but his religion. Oh! what a thing to say! My readers, you may work and live among many wicked boys, but the grace of God can uphold you as it did Daniel, and enable you so to live, as to compel others to own that they can find no fault save that you are too religious; that your work is well done, that your employers are well served, that you are honest and kind to all, only you are too religious.

Well, you remember the trap they laid for Daniel. A decree was made that all who prayed to any but the king, should be cast into the den of lions. They knew that Daniel prayed regularly to his God: and sure enough he went on praying as he was wont to do. He did not pray less, and he did not pray more, but just went on in his usual course, not ashamed of his religion, and knowing that his God would not fail him. Well, the plan answered. Daniel prayed, and Daniel was

put into the den of lions: but there was God present with him, and stopped the mouth of lions, and made him as safe and as happy as he had been when praying in his window.

Now, my dear readers, begin this year with an earnest prayer that God would enable you to be like Daniel. Get to know his history well. Set it before you. Pray that you may know your duty, and then that you may have grace to do it. And then, whatever the year brings forth in the way of duty or trial, all will be well. You shall be kept in perfect peace, and have the comfort of finding that all things work together for your good.

W.

SIMPLE ADDRESS TO SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN ON THE NEW-YEAR.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

We have, through the mercy of our Saviour, been spared to see the first Sunday in another year; and I cannot but think it right to call upon you all, at a time like the present, to look well into your own hearts, and so to number your days, that you may apply your hearts unto wisdom. I have resolved, therefore, to speak seriously to you all this morning, that you may, by the blessing of God, get something from what I say, which you

may carry home with you, and may do your souls good.

Another year of our short life has gone back to the God who gave it. The year 1837 is gone for ever; and who is there among us, who should not pray God most heartily that he would, for Christ's sake, bury all the sins which he has committed in the grave of the past year? But I will pass over, out of the 365 days of the past year, all but 52; the 52 Sundays of it. Children, how have we spent *these*? We have heard much of God, of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and of heaven; but what are we the better for it? This your teachers cannot know. The general examinations shew indeed, that boys have got on in their learning, and done well, as far as *man* can see; but *God* looks for something far more than all this; and many a child that seems to his teacher to do very well, has a heart, which, *in the sight of God*, is full of all manner of sin and wickedness; which is like some fruit, seeming fair outside, but all corrupt and rotten within. Oh! remember this, that except you do well for some other reason than just to get praised at school, or thought much of at home, or even *only* to please your teacher, all your doings are not worth a straw in the sight of God. *The reason why* you do a thing, and not only what you do, is what God looks at. Pray then to him, for Christ's sake,

to forgive you all you have done wrong in the last year, and to give you his grace to "go and sin no more." Recollect that there is but one way to God; and that way is Jesus Christ. For it is written, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." But what is it to believe in Christ? It is not only to believe that he came into the world, and was born at Bethiehem, and died on the cross on Mount Calvary. Oh! no; many a child believes quite as much as that, who yet does not believe rightly in Christ.

Attend then to me, dearest children, while I try to tell you what is this belief in Christ, which you must have, if you would wish to be saved.

To believe in Christ, is to feel what bad and wicked hearts we have within us, and to pray to Christ to take them away. It is to feel ourselves so bad, that we every one of us deserve to be punished for ever; and that we should have been so if Christ had not come into the world to save us. It is to come to him in prayer, and put all our trust in him; to pray that he would wash out all our sins in his precious blood, and that what he did by keeping God's holy law, he would put to our account, even as if we had done it ourselves. And then it is to love Christ as he first loved us. And as when you love a person, you wish to be like him, so if we love Christ, we shall wish to be

like him, and to love what is good because Christ loves it, and to hate what is wicked because he hates it. And this being made like Christ is called having a new heart, and without this we cannot go to heaven. When we have this new heart, we love God, we love his Sabbaths, we do not take his name in vain, nor give way to bad temper or words, but we love Christ, and because we love him we love to keep his commandments.

Now, my dear children, ask your own hearts, every one of you, these two questions: Do I believe in the Lord Jesus? Have I got this new heart? And oh! if you have not, pray God to give it to you; for without it you cannot be happy, for you will be afraid to die; and if you are afraid to die, you will have no pleasure in all your amusements, and if you should die without this new heart, you know that you cannot go to heaven. Come out, then, from sin, and be separate, and God shall receive you, and you shall be his children, saith the Lord Almighty: And so you will not be dull and melancholy, for you will be ready either to live or die; to live as long as God shall see fit, and to go to Christ, whenever he shall call you home.

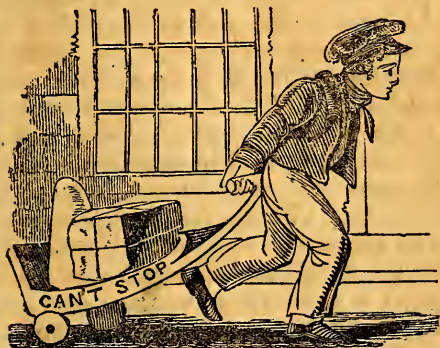
Now, I will stop one moment, and let every child say privately, "O Lord, grant that I may believe in Christ. O Lord, give me a new heart for Christ's sake."

And to you who are teachers, I would say, speak often of these things to your children, and do all you can to bring them up for God. Let every teacher say before he sees his class each Sunday, "O Lord Jesus, bless my class, and grant that I may say something which may do them good." And let every child before he comes into school say, "O Lord, grant that I may get some good to-day." This will not take you one minute, and without God's blessing all our instruction is given in vain. Pray, then, for your school and all in it, that God's blessing may be upon us all, and that we may all spend a holy and a happy new year.

Oh! children, my heart's desire and prayer to God for you is, that you may be saved. May God in his mercy hear and answer this my desire; may he grant that to none of the children here present, Christ may have to say at the last, "depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire;" but may you, having been kept this new year, and every year in the faith and love of God your Saviour, grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. And when days, and years, and weeks, and months shall have passed away; when time itself shall be no more for ever, may every teacher be enabled to say, as he stands on Christ's right hand, "behold me and the children that God has given me." And may every one of

you, my dear children, in that day “be numbered with the children of God, and have your lot among the saints.”

E. M. K.



“CAN’T STOP.”

While passing through one of our streets in this city, a few days since, my attention was directed to a very prettily painted sled, which a boy was dragging quite rapidly. What particularly attracted my notice was the name painted on the side of the sled—“CAN’T STOP.” I thought it quite a curious name, and it at once occurred to me, what a fine thing it would be if all little boys would take this for their motto.

Sometimes I have observed young lads, as they were going on errands for their parents or employers, stop on their way, and talk, and play, and look at the pretty

things which are to be seen in the streets, and at the shop windows, instead of making haste back, as they ought to have done. Now this loitering on the way is very wrong, and perhaps, oftentimes may be very injurious to those who had sent them.

I have known other boys, when on their way to the Sunday school, or to church, and it was time that they were there, to stop and talk with those who would desire to have them stay away and indulge in amusements, thus breaking that commandment which says, "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Now, for such boys, what a good and useful maxim this would be—"CAN'T STOP." And what a good and easy way would it be for boys to resist the entreaties of those who would thus wish to keep them from pursuing their duty, to repeat this maxim to them, and verify the truth of it practically, by hurrying on and lending a deaf ear to their entreaties. And how much more would boys, by so doing, please their parents and employers! And how much happier would they feel themselves! I hope all the little boys who read this piece, when others endeavour to tempt and persuade them from pursuing the path of duty, will recollect and repeat to them this maxim—"CAN'T STOP," and I will assure them that, by so doing, they will be much the gainers.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

The writer of the following short account of himself, is desirous to add one proof more, to the many already given, of the power of religion upon the very young. Nothing perhaps is more important, than that ministers, parents, and teachers should bear in mind that children may be taught the saving truths of the gospel with more effect in their tender years, than at any later period. The first dawnings of the understanding are the most innocent, the freest from guile, the most simple and teachable. The mind may then be said to be in that frame which our Saviour requires in all that would become wise unto salvation. To let this precious season pass away, without an effort to inculcate true religion, is to allow the seed-time to pass. In doing so, not only do we endanger the eternal welfare of the child, but give our great adversary the opportunity to plant as he will, in a soil already prepared to his hand; for "we are born in sin."

It is frequently said of many things that a child has to learn, there is time enough yet. But this cannot be said of religion. The earliest lessons in it are the fittest, and often prove the best. O! it must be a sad reflection for a parent, when the sinfulness of their children—their obstinacy, their disobedience, and

profaneness may be traced to a want of training in the first years.

My life did not commence with parental instructions, which the children of the pious enjoy, and I might have continued in ignorance of the things that belong to a sinner's peace, had it not pleased God, by an awful providence, to give me an opportunity to hear the Gospel preached. A schoolfellow of my brother's had been thrown from a spirited horse, and the injuries he sustained were so serious, that he died in a short time, to the great grief of his affectionate and pious parents. A funeral sermon was to be preached for him, and at my father's request, my elder brother and myself attended. I was much struck with the manner of the preacher, and though I was not particularly affected at that time, I determined to hear him again. And here I cannot forbear mentioning what appears to me a most awful sequel to the providence that first brought me under a gospel ministry.

The second son, who, with the rest of his mourning family, was present at his brother's funeral sermon, fell a victim to a similar accident in the very bloom of youth, being thrown from his horse while galloping home, late at night, from a convivial party. Awful to relate, his brother's premature death had proved no warning to him, for he fell from his horse flushed with wine, and never spoke more!

To return to my narrative. I continued to attend the preaching of the minister, for several Sunday evenings, without any marked effect, till one evening when he preached on the last judgment, and described the judge of quick and dead as sitting on a great white throne, the heavens and the earth fleeing away at his presence—the wicked calling upon the rocks to cover them—the judge separating them from the righteous, as a shepherd separates the sheep from the goats. So vivid and powerful was the word, that I turned aside my head to weep, and hid my face in my handkerchief. My little heart (for I was then but nine years old) was ready to break; and I went home sorrowing; and finding my mother alone in the parlour, I could not refrain from tears, but cried aloud, saying, I feared I should go to hell. She did what she could to comfort me, but could not; none but a crucified Redeemer could have done this, I had no one who could say, Christ is precious.

Many, very many, and grievous have been my departures from the service of God; but after all my wanderings, I have still reason to count it the chief mercy of my life, that religion impressed my heart in my tender years.

LESS THAN THE LEAST.

March 3rd, 1837.



BORING EARS FOR RINGS.

I remember, when a little girl, being at a farm-house, I heard a dreadful squeaking of pigs, and ran to enquire what was the matter. The people told me they were only ringing their noses. I saw the poor creatures with their noses bleeding, each having an iron ring fixed in it. Not long before I had seen the ears of two of my school-fellows bored, and as the operations appeared to me very much alike, I asked if the rings were put in for ornaments to the pigs. No, they told me, it was to prevent their grubbing up the earth and doing mischief. Now if rings in the ears of little girls were of any use in keeping them from listening to any thing wicked or mischievous, or from being impertinently inquisitive about things that do not concern them, I should by all means say, that rings were quite as proper and necessary for their ears

as they are for the pigs' noses: but as a matter of ornament, I consider one just as useless as the other; and the girl who of her own will has her ears bored for the sake of ornament, in my opinion is more silly than a pig; for I am sure a pig would not submit to it if he could help it.

GOD IS EVERY WHERE.

During the ravages of the great plague in London, Lord Craven, whose house was situated where Craven Street now stands, alarmed at the progress of the disease, determined to retire into the country. His carriage was at the door, and he was passing through the hall to enter it, when he heard a negro servant saying to another domestic, "I suppose by my Lord's quitting London to avoid the plague, that his god lives in the country and not in town." The negro said this in the innocent simplicity of his heart; really believing in a plurality of Gods. The speech, however, struck Lord Craven most forcibly. "My God, thought he, lives every where, and can preserve me in town as well as in the country. I will even stay where I am. The ignorance of that negro has preached a useful sermon to me. Lord, pardon that unbelief, and that distrust of thy providence, which made me think of running away from thy hand!" He countermanded his orders for the journey, he remained in London, he was re-

markably useful in administering to the necessities of the sick, and he was saved from the surrounding infection.

A LESSON FROM A DOG.

Walking in the garden one Sunday morning, a few spiritual reflections were suggested to my mind by the sudden appearance of a farmer's dog, which had strayed away from his master, (who was in a field at some distance,) scrambled over the hedge, and was in a moment at my side. How apt am I to stray from my heavenly Master, break the hedge of his holy laws, and slip away from the felt presence of his eye! It came up to me, apparently very uneasy; for he was separated from his master. When at a distance from my master, how can I but be uneasy? I am off my centre!

“And it is only God who can
Fill up the vast desires of man.”

When he heard the call of his master, how ready was he to obey the call, springing over hedges and ditches to get at him! When I hear my Shepherd's voice in my soul, how ready am I to obey him! I know his voice, I long to be near him, to come up to him. How swiftly he sprung forward at the call! Love adds wings to my feet when Jesus comes into my heart, and touches it with his love. But how great the contrast when grace is not in exercise! The dog is not satisfied, or happy, until he is again with his master. I too often feel insensible at my distance from him, unless he quickens me by his Spirit. The dog immediately hears the call. I too often am heedless of my Master's call. The dog hastens at the call of his master.

I too often sit still, as if my Master's voice had no charms for me. And yet the dog does all this by instinct: it is but an earthly master he strays from, he is uneasy about, he strives to serve; all he gets is a little perishing food. I am drawn by cords of redeeming love. I serve the Lord Jesus Christ. I am given the bread of life for my spiritual nourishment here, and the undeceiving prospect of everlasting life hereafter.

R. L.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR CHILDREN TO PRAY.

A little incident here occurs to me, which I can hardly withhold, on account of its simplicity and beauty.

The mother of a little girl, only four years of age, had been for some time most dangerously ill. The physicians had given her up. When the little girl heard this, she went into an adjoining room, knelt down, and said, "Dear Lord Jesus, oh! make my mother well again!" and after she had thus prayed, she said, as though in God's name, with as deep a voice as she could, "Yes, my dear child, I will do it gladly." This was the little girl's Amen. She rose up joyfully, ran to her mother's bed, and said, "Mother, you will get well." And she did recover, and is in health to this day.

CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM.

I.

Since then, with such sweet, tender care,
The Lord does in our sorrows share,
And every needful help prepare;
Oh! let us trust his truth immense,
And cast ourselves on Providence.

Art thou in want of earthly good,
 Even destitute, perhaps of food ?
 Friendless, forsaken, without home,
 Forced on the world's wide stage to roam,
 With not a glimmering ray of hope
 Dawning, to keep your spirits up ?
 Still sink not, droop not in despair,
 Cast on the Lord your every care,
 And he who hears the raven's cry,
 Will cheer thy heart, thy wants supply.
 Or hast thou, in this vale of woe,
 Met with an unexpected blow,
 Which crushed thy hopes, and laid thee low ?
 Lift, lift, my friend, thy downcast eyes,
 Rise from thy bed of tears, arise !
 Nor let thy courage droop :
 Cast on the Lord thy anxious care,
 And he will to thy help appear,
 And he will lift thee up.

II.

Still does thy heart with anguish heave ?
 May be, in yonder closing grave,
 Thou art about to place
 That tender friend thou lov'dst so well,
 By death, inexorably fell,
 Torn from your strict embrace.
 What though it be thy lovely wife,
 The bosom partner of thy life ?
 Or he, whose joy it was to prove
 A husband's purity of love ?
 What, though thy tender parent's head
 Low in the greedy tomb be laid ?
 The brother, sister of thy heart ?
 What, though thou hadst with them to part,
 Or witness all the anxious care
 With which you nursed your offspring dear,
 In whom your very soul was bound,
 Laid low with it beneath the ground ?
 Dry up your tears, and cease to mourn,
 For though they never may return,

Yet, if on God your care you cast,
 He'll bring you safe to heaven at last,
 Where you shall meet your friends once more,
 And with them, on that peaceful shore,
 Your God eternally adore.

VOICE OF THE DEPARTING YEAR.

The dying year's farewell! As distant moan
 Of dirge-like music on the midnight air—
 Slowly it comes! List to its solemn tone!
 And heed the truth its tender accents bear:

"I've gathered all my spoils, and deeds of thine,
 Mortal, I carry to the court on high.
 Scroll of vast import! each recorded line
 Will pass beneath the all-discerning eye,
 And in the judgment book, with his own hand,
 Be registered—at that last day t'appear
 When 'small and great,' the 'unnumbered dead'
 shall stand
 Before his bar, their final doom to hear!

Ye who with thoughtless step have flitted by,
 Bent on the giddy phantoms of your chase,
 Fearless of change, as if 'twere nought to die,
 Or earth were your eternal resting place—

Who've spurned the num'rous calls of heavenly
 love,
 Silenced the faithful monitor within,
 And from the light that leads to joys above
 Still farther turned, to tread the path of sin—

Another gift of time is gone from thee,
 Perchance a final one! for claim thou hast
 To nought but the interminable sea
 That lies beyond, when days and years are past.

Many—earth's fairest ones—who with delight
 Greeted my coming, in the silent tomb
 Are now enshrined. The beautiful and bright
 Are hid beneath its cold and cheerless gloom!

Thy summons soon will come ! Let my last note
 Of warning linger, when I've passed away.
 Turn now, to God thy fleeting life devote,
 And claim as thine one blest eternal day !"

THERESA

THE QUEEN.

TUNE—"God save the King."

Lord, thy best blessings shed,
 On our Queen's youthful head,
 Round her abide ;
 Teach her thy holy will,
 Shield her from every ill.
 Guard, guide, and speed her still
 Safe to thy side.

Grant her, O Lord, to be
 Wise, just, and good like thee,
 Blessing and blest.
 With every virtue crowned,
 Honoured by nations round,
 'Midst earthly monarchs found
 Greatest and best.

Long let her people share
 Here her maternal care,
 Long 'neath her smile.
 May every good increase,
 May every evil cease,
 And freedom, health, and peace,
 Dance round our isle.

Under thy mighty wings,
 Keep her, O King of kings,
 Answer her prayer ;
 Till she shall hence remove
 Up to thy courts above,
 To dwell in light and love
 Evermore there.

H. LYTE.

Brixham.

A. Foster, Printer, Kirkby Lonsdale.



THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 170. FEBRUARY, 1838. Vol. 15.

OPEN THY MOUTH FOR THE DUMB.

PROV. xxxi. 8.

Did we remember that the brute creation is as much the will of God as any other of his works, and that all have their peculiar appointment, we should be careful to treat the dumb, for his sake, with tender consideration.

Can it be supposed, for one moment, that it would please our heavenly Father, in his providence, to make these creatures dumb to suffer unjustly from the hands of cruel men? Such a thought

is in itself wicked ; for “ God is a God of mercy, and his tender mercies are over all his works.” It is doubtless the will of the allwise God that his creatures should lend their aid to increase *our* comforts, and relieve *our* necessities ; but no one will conclude, from this, that they are to be worked to such a degree as to inflict pain.

How frequently is that noble animal, the horse, unable to partake of food for a considerable time after he is stabled, from being over-driven and too heavily laden ! It would be incredible, if daily experience did not prove it, that the drivers of this willing animal could continue to beat and goad him, when they can perceive the creature is doing its best to serve and obey them.

Oh ! say not that there is a necessity for such treatment ! for were these noble beasts used only to answer the end of their creation, there would be no need for violence. Remember, while we read that “ the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel,” we read also that “ the Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed ;” and we are sure that he attends to their wants ; for it is said, “ he giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.”

Many excuse their cruelty by saying, “ I work hard, and my horse must work hard too.” We acknowledge you work

hard ; but we entreat you, at the same time, to reflect that the two cases are widely different. After you have toiled painfully until your veins are ready to burst, and your heart beats violently, and your eyes are almost starting from their sockets, and until your legs totter and can scarcely support your body, and your appetite fails, does any one, after you have willingly done your best to serve them ; does any one, I say, stand over you with a whip, and even use the heavy end of it, and kick you, to make you work still more, that so your labour may be made more profitable to them ? Oh ! no ; your case is, indeed, widely different ; you can have relief ; you can sue for redress ; you can refuse to labour until you have recovered strength ; but not so with your unjustly-treated animal.

Again, say not, in excuse for your guilt, that they are partially insensible to pain, if not altogether so. His understanding must be sinfully blind who can make such an assertion ; for does not the most trifling move of the bit, or the most gentle touch of the whip, cause them instantly to obey your orders ? and sensibility far beyond this may be shewn from numerous facts.

“The horse knows his own stable,” and his master well, and is strongly attached to him. I remember a gentleman’s coach-horse that was sold to a man in the neigh-

bourhood, who let him out for hire ; and when passing his former master's premises, the poor animal would always turn his head towards the stables, and make a pause, but never attempted to move out of the road to the gate ;* he would then neigh, as it were, "a good bye," and pass on.

I know a lady who lost her pony for three days out of the paddock, and was alarmed by the ringing of the gate bell very early one morning ; and the servant, on looking out to see the cause, exclaimed, "Ah, ma'am, here is Bob come back again !" The knowing creature had rubbed its nose at the bell until he made it sound.

Again, of that other despised and ill-treated animal, it is said, "The ass knows his master's crib ;" yet he is beat, and pricked, and starved by his cruel owner, as though he was perfectly insensible to all feeling. But the following was told me of a beautiful donkey, which used to run in a field, and regularly, every morning, go to the parlour window, and making a sort of happy recognition of the family, would afterwards frisk joyfully away.

A poor man procured one of these useful creatures, which, with kind treatment, worked willingly, and enabled his master to get an honest livelihood. I have heard

* His new and kind master indulged him in this tribute of affection.

him say it was a grief to him that occasionally he was under the necessity of giving Neddy a scanty meal. But, mark, this poor man took care that his dumb beast, to which he knew he owed so much, shared with himself and family. This man had several children, and they were all taught to love the donkey, because he did so much for poor father.

Every one bears testimony to the fidelity and attachment of the dog, which will return from incredible distances in search of his master (a kind master, you may be sure). As in the case related by Wordsworth, in his description of the Lakes of Westmorland, &c., where a young traveller, having fallen from the summit of a mountain in an unfrequented spot, was found three months after, with his faithful dog (self-supported) watching his wasted remains.

Numberless instances of the sagacity and affection of the brute creation, sufficient to make us blush for the cruelty of our fellow-men, might be brought forward; but this would occupy too much space.

I entreat you, dear reader, to consider the subject well; for we find in God's holy word, "that God made all things, and causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man." And while the cruel man says, "The Lord shall not see, neither shall the God

of Jacob regard it," God says, "Understand, ye brutish among the people, and ye fools, when will ye be wise? He that planteth the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

Let mercy, Lord, be shown
To all the numerous train
Of creatures thou hast found
To magnify thy name.

Clapham, 1837.

A. M.



A COMPARISON.

The papers gave us, some months ago, a most shocking account of a whole family destroyed by the cold of last winter on the mountains near the North river. A traveller, passing them soon after one of the severe snow storms, discovered a man sitting near a miserable cabin, and

partly covered with snow. He was frozen to death, and holding still in his hand a wooden shovel, with which he had tried in vain to open a path from his habitation. On the floor of his hut were found the frozen bodies of a middle-aged woman, and two children. They had consumed every particle of food and fuel in the cabin, and being unable to get any more from abroad, the father perished in the attempt to procure wood, and his wife, with her children, fell victims to hunger and cold.

Such is the substance of a story which went through nearly all our newspapers, and probably sent a thrill of sympathy and horror into the bosom of nearly every reader ; but scenes of similar suffering, only far more intense, and multiplied by thousands, are scattered thickly along the whole course of war. I might select a multitude of instances from the history of our own country ; but having at hand some portions of Labaume's " Narrative of the Russian Campaign," I will copy a few that detail sufferings like those of the wretched family whose fate I have sketched.

" The soldier, overwhelmed with whirlwinds of snow, could no longer distinguish the main road from the ditches, and often fell into the latter, which served him for a tomb. Others dragged themselves along with pain. Badly clothed

and shod, without any thing to eat or drink, groaning and shivering with cold, they lost all sympathy for one another, and gave no assistance, nor showed any signs of compassion to those who expired around them. Stretched on the road, we could see only the heaps of snow that covered them, and formed undulations in our route like those in a grave-yard. Flocks of ravens croaked ominously as they flew over our heads, and troops of dogs, which had followed us from Moscow, and lived solely on our bloody remains, howled around us, and often contended with the soldiers for the dead horses left on the road!"

"To form an idea of the hardships to which we were subjected, you must conceive an army encamped on the snow in the depth of winter! The soldiers without shoes, and almost destitute of clothing, were likewise enfeebled by hunger and fatigue. Seated on their knapsacks, they slept on their knees, and rose from this benumbing posture only to broil a few slices of horse flesh, or to melt some pieces of ice. They were often without wood; and at intervals we saw trees at the feet of which soldiers had attempted to light a fire, but had expired in the effort. They were stretched by dozens around the green branches, which they had tried in vain to kindle; and the number of dead bodies would have block-

ed up the road, if we had not employed men to throw them into the ruts and ditches!"

"The road was covered with soldiers who no longer retained the human form. Some had lost their hearing, others their speech, and many, by excessive cold and hunger, were reduced to such a state of stupid phrenzy as to roast the dead bodies of their companions for food, and even gnaw their own hands and arms. Some, too weak to lift a piece of wood, or roll a stone towards the fire, sat down upon their dead comrades, and gazed with unmoved countenances upon the burning logs. These livid spectres, unable to get up, fell by the side of those on whom they were seated. Many, in a state of delirium, plunged their feet into the fire to warm themselves; some leaped, with a convulsive laugh, into the flames, and those perished in the most horrible contortions; and others in a state of equal madness, followed their example, and shared the same fate!"

Such sufferings as these are, to a greater or less extent, inseparable from war. Happy, happy day when war ceases.

EXTRACT FROM HOWELL'S REMAINS.

God heareth the heart without the mouth; but never heareth the mouth without the heart.

GOOD CONDUCT OF CHRISTIAN HOTTENTOTS
ON MILITARY SERVICE.

The events of the late war in Caffreland, South Africa, frequently brought to severe test the character of the Hottentots, as members of a Christian church, and the Missionaries often had occasion to admire the firmness with which these people bore their various trials and temptations to which they were exposed. During that eventful period, the principles of Temperance, which had been inculcated on their minds, more distinctly exhibited in the exemplary conduct of the men who joined the Colonial forces; and Mr. Anderson, of the London Missionary Society, among other instances, equally gratifying, relates the following as illustrative of their moral resolution in withstanding the seductions of a camp, and the laudable purposes to which they devoted the instructions given them by their teachers at Pacaltsdrop:

“A pious man, named Jan Komein, a member of our church, on returning from the army, was asked by Mr. A., who had written the several letters which had been sent from the camp to Pacaltsdrop, remarking, ‘we have often wished to know, thinking that it must be the work of some good man, who was kind enough to write for you; and we wished to be assured, that what he wrote was the genuine expression of your own hearts.’ He re-

plied, 'We wrote the letters ourselves, no one to help us. Stoffel Stoffets, Kendrick Armoed, and Thomas Orosthager wrote the most.' 'On hearing this,' says Mr. Anderson, 'we were much delighted—reflecting on their advantage in having been taught to write, and also rejoicing that they carried with them, and maintained as soldiers, a serious regard for religion.' Mr. Anderson then asked, 'Where, and how did you procure writing paper and pens?' 'We preserved our rations of liquor, which, said he, 'when collected together, we sold, and with the money bought pens and paper, and other useful articles.' 'I need not say,' observes Mr. A. 'how greatly this intelligence increased our pleasure, and excited our surprise; nor can I describe the heartfelt satisfaction with which we contemplated such unflinching resistance to the snares of intoxication; and their converting, under circumstances so unfavourable, the supply of ardent spirits, which might have been their ruin, to such a commendable and beneficial purpose.'





POPERY IN SPAIN.

“He that would know genuine Popery,” says the Rev. Blanco White, “must go to Spain, the country where it has been allowed to grow and unfold into its full size. There you would see all the engines of Rome at work, and perfectly understand the true and original object of her inventions. To show you, at one glance, the benefit derived by the priests from image worship, I will tell you what happened at Madrid during a residence of three years, which I made in that most Roman Catholic town. In one of the meanest parts of the town, the ragged children, who are always running about the streets, found an old picture, which had been thrown, with other rubbish, on a dunghill. Not knowing what the picture was, they tied to it a piece of

rope, and were dragging it about, when an old woman in the neighbourhood looked at the canvass, and found upon it the head of a Virgin Mary. Her screams of horror and rage at the profanation which she beheld, scared away the children, and the old woman was left in possession of the treasure. The gossips of the neighbourhood were anxious to make some amends to the picture, for the past neglect and ill treatment, and they all contributed towards the expense of burning a lamp, day and night, before it, in the old woman's house. A Roman Catholic priest getting scent of what was going on, took the scratched virgin under his patronage, framed the canvass, and added another light. All the rich folks who heard of this new-found image, came to pray before it, and gave money to the priest and the old woman, who were now in close partnership. In a very short time, the amount of the daily donations enabled the joint proprietors of the picture to build a fine chapel, with a comfortable house adjoining it for themselves. The chapel was crowded from morning till night; not a person, high or low, but firmly believed that her life and safety depended upon the favour of that particular picture. The rich endeavoured to obtain it by large sums of money, for masses to be performed and candles to be burnt before it; and the poor stinted

their necessary food to throw a mite into the box, which hung at the door of the chapel. I do not relate to you old stories; I state what I myself have seen."

LETTER TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

MY DEAR ELIZA,—I cannot forget, my dear child, how you have been blessed with peculiar religious privileges; but I am constrained to say, "I am afraid of you, that I have bestowed labour in vain;" and that you are still dead in your sins—trying to find peace in the error of your ways. Oh! my child, why will you go on in those downward paths which you well know lead to misery and despair. You cannot forget that life is most uncertain; you are not unconscious of the awful nature of eternity; you well know that it is but for the brittle thread of life to snap, and then your state will be fixed for ever. And you as well know that where death finds you, there judgment will leave you; and according to the things you love least in that awful moment, so will your condition be fixed for eternity.

Oh! that the anxious desires and prayers of your mother's friend may have some influence upon you. She cannot bear the thought, that the child of one she has loved so dearly should perish under the sound of the gospel, and sink into hopeless sorrows under the weight of those

advantages that have so thickly been shed around her path. Yes, faithful sermons, early instruction, catechetical labours, and personal appeals, with ministerial fidelity and Christian friendship have all been added to parental anxiety on your behalf ; and all, all these privileges will be fearfully remembered in the day of account, and add to that dreadful condemnation which the lips of the righteous Judge, now the inviting, slighted Saviour will pronounce upon you. Oh ! how many, without your advantages, will come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, while you will be a miserable beholder of his glory, when they shall sit down in the kingdom of their Father ; and you, from afar off, shall have to bewail your contempt of the gospel, and the rejection of the Saviour and his great salvation. Dear young friend, be aroused to a true sense of your condition, of your awful responsibility ; of the deep sorrows that await you, if you persevere, and of those agonies your dear parents and praying friends will feel, if you die without hope.

It is not long since, that one who lived as you have done, was taken away in such a state. She was truly an affecting and awful proof of the danger of delay. Hear her last words ; and may you never forget them : “ O ! I am dying unprepared ; do pray for me again : I am going to hell ; oh, I am going to hell ; do pray for

me again." Yes, in that solemn hour she valued the prayers of the godly that she had slighted before; and again she made the same request, in all the earnestness of despair, and added, "O! mother, I am dying. Do pray for your dying child; I never heard you pray in my life. Mother, I am going to hell; do pray for my poor soul." And then after the minister had prayed with her, had told her of the great salvation, of the power of Jesus to save even to the uttermost, and again urged her to cast her guilty soul upon him for salvation; she could feel no hope, but drew her last breath, exclaiming, "It is too late."

My dear Eliza, will you not allow this solemn scene to occupy your attention, and at least one hour's consideration? Remember God hath said, "My spirit shall not always strive with man." His divine mercy hath its limit, and God may yet "swear in his wrath that you shall not enter into his rest." Then will you feel that it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. Then will you say, "Oh! that I had been wise, that I had considered my latter end: but now I must be undone forever; I must—." But here I must stop, dear Eliza, I cannot tell you what the fearful, dreadful prospect of damnation is—here I have brought you. Oh! that it may please God to give you this hour, yea, at this moment while you read, the Holy Spirit to convince you so deeply of your

sin and danger, that ere you close this letter, you may cry mightily to him who is strong to save. But you must make it your own prayer; nothing else will do—the Saviour has died, the Holy Spirit is promised—salvation is to be obtained, but all is to be given to the perishing sinner in answer to prayer. Do you reply, “my heart is hard, I cannot pray”? then go with that very burden and request, to the throne of mercy, and tell the Lord so, and beg him to break the hard heart, and give you the praying heart, and at once put you among his children. This prayer shall be answered, for God will give the Holy Spirit to those who ask it, and “they who seek shall find,” for he “will in no wise cast out any who come for salvation through the name of Jesus Christ the Saviour.” Heaven and earth may pass away, but not one offer of mercy shall fail, or one sinner perish, who comes to God in this way for life and pardon in his name.

Your deeply interested

FRIEND.

CHELTENHAM SCHOOLS.

The town of Cheltenham, in Gloucestershire, has not less than four thousand children taught in the charity schools there. About the middle of last October, a Roman Catholic Member of Parliament, whose name is Wise, arrived at

Cheltenham, and called a meeting of the inhabitants, to propose that all these children should have a "New System of Education." This system was to shut out the Scriptures from them, just as the Roman Catholics do from their Schools; or perhaps give a few chapters here and there, which the priests think they *may* read without being hurt by them. Now, the clergy and gentry of Cheltenham heard of this meeting, and they called another, to prove that it was dangerous and wicked to keep back any part of the Bible from man, woman, or child, who had a wish to read it. I say, dangerous to keep back the Bible; because we read, in the last chapter of it, "If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his name out of the book of life." Rev. xxii. 19. And I say it is wicked to keep back part of the Bible, for our Lord tells us to "search the Scriptures."

The clergy and gentry, at this second meeting, agreed to write a letter to the Queen, and beg of her not to allow the word of God to be taken from the schools, as this Mr. Wise and other Roman Catholics were recommending; and I hope it may please God to influence the Queen's mind to grant their request.

But my reason for telling you all this, my dear children, is not only to shew how needful it is for you to make good use of your advantages whilst you have them, and to pray to your

heavenly Father not to let them be removed ; but also to name a little anecdote mentioned by a gentleman, Mr. Cole, at this second meeting, which proves what good the Bible can do, even to a little boy. He says, " If Mr. Wise were here, I could take him to the bedside of the dying, whose firm reliance on the salvation worked out for them on the cross, was taught them by their own children from the National Schools. I would tell him of an instance which occurred a short time ago, of a National School boy, who, when he was dying, called his brother to him, who was also a scholar in the National School, and he said, ' Do not neglect a day in going to school : the happiness I have in expectation of entering into glory, the foundation of it was laid in the schools.' And he then called his father and mother, who kept a beer house, and told them, in the most emphatic manner, ' Give up this sinful employment ; send the rest of your children to the National School, and I will answer for it, you will then have the same hope as I have.' These parents have given up the beer house, and are now living in a respectable way, and regularly attending the house of God."



TWO SCOTCH ROBBERS.

One day, as Archbishop Leighton was going from Glasgow to Dunblane, a tremendous thunderstorm came on. He was observed by two men of bad character, at a considerable distance. They had not courage to rob him; but wishing to fall on some method of extorting money from him, one said, "I will lie down by the way side, as if I were dead, and you shall inform the archbishop that I was killed by the lightning, and beg money of him to bury me." When the archbishop arrived at the spot, the wicked wretch told him the fabricated story. The archbishop sympathized with the survivor, gave him money, and proceeded on his journey. But when the man returned to his companion, he found him really lifeless. Immediately he began to exclaim aloud, "Oh !

sir, he's dead." On the archbishop, discovering his fraud, he left the man, with this important reflection, "It is a dangerous thing to trifle with the judgments of God."

THE PIOUS FAMILY.

Soon after the surrender of Copenhagen to the English in the year 1807, detachments of soldiers were for a time stationed in the surrounding villages. It happened one day that three soldiers, belonging to a Highland regiment, were sent to forage among the neighbouring farm-houses. They went to several, but found them stripped and deserted. At length they came to a large garden, or orchard, full of apple trees, bending under the weight of fruit. They entered by a gate, and followed a path which brought them to a neat farm-house. Every thing without bespoke quietness and security; but as they entered by the front door, the mistress of the house and her children ran screaming out at the back. The interior of the house presented an appearance of order and comfort superior to what might be expected from people in that station, and from the habits of the country. A watch hung by the side of the fire-place, and a neat book-case, well filled, attracted the attention of the elder soldier. He took down a book, it was written in a language unknown to him, but the name of Jesus Christ was legible on every page. At this moment the master of the house entered by the door through which his wife and children had just fled. One of the soldiers, by threatening signs, demanded provisions; the man stood firm and undaunted, but shook his head. The soldier who held the book approached him, and pointing to the name of Jesus Christ, laid his

hand upon his heart, and looked up to heaven. Instantly the farmer grasped his hand, shook it vehemently, and then ran out of the room. He soon returned with his wife and children, laden with milk, eggs, bacon, &c., which were freely tendered: and when money was offered in return, it was at first refused. But as two of the soldiers were pious men, they, much to the sorrow of their companion, (who swore grievously he would never forage with them again) insisted upon paying for all they took. When taking leave the pious soldiers intimated to the farmer, that it would be well for him to secrete his watch,; but, by most significant signs, he gave them to understand, that he feared no evil, for his trust was in God, and that though his neighbours, on the right hand and on the left, had fled from their habitation, and by foraging parties had lost what they could not remove, not a hair of his head had been injured, nor had he even lost an apple from his trees. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."

CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM.

III.

If in this world of pain and strife
 Trials severe embitter life;
 If doomed, perhaps, sharp ills to bear,
 And pining with consuming care,
 Shut out from friends, and close confined,
 And treated harshly and unkind—
 A slave to some hard master's will—
 Oh! look to heaven for succour still;
 On God's unchanging word rely,
 And he, who reigns above the sky,
 Shall soon to your relief appear,
 And make his arm of greatness bare,

And far from reach of tyrant's dart,
Shall hide you in his tender heart.

IV.

Art thou in heaviness of soul?
Do mountain floods around thee roll?
And art thou sinking with the load
Of sins wherewith you grieved your God?
And rises in your eye the tear?
And chilled is your heart with fear?
See'st thou thyself all helpless, weak?—
Rise, hapless mourner, courage take!
Oh! cast, without reserve, your care
On him, who did your sorrows bear,
And soon, all glorious in the skies,
The Sun of Righteousness will rise;
Then every doubt and fear shall cease,
And your wrapt soul be filled with peace!
Or, may be, once the love of God
Has in your heart been shed abroad;
But, led astray by Satan's wile,
Or by the world's false syren smile,
Thou'st thrown away thy sword and shield,
And like a coward, quit the field?
Hast stabbed thy Saviour in his side,
And grieved him who, to save thee, died?
Oh! turn once more, your sins repent,
In deep humility lament,
And looking unto Christ above,
He'll once more fill you with his love.

V.

Ye, too, who've long your Lord confessed,
Long with his presence have been blessed;
Ye, who his sacred cause adorn,
Who long his hallowed cross have borne,
And long the howling blast have stood,
And long have borne against the flood;
Ye can with truth the witness bear,
How happy they who cast their care
On Jesus, king of kings.

He lifts their ravished souls sublime,
 Superior to the joys of time,
 And transitory things !
 He bows the heavens, and dwells with them,
 Writes on their hearts his glorious name ;
 He purifies them by his blood,
 And proves himself to be their God ;
 Their every step he does attend,
 Their guide, their Saviour, and their Friend !

CONCLUSION.

Since then, through earth, and air, and skies,
 So many lucid proofs arise,
 That the great God, whose boundless reign
 Extends o'er nature's vast domain,
 In tenderest mercy cares for man ;
 Oh ! cling to him with vigorous faith,
 Through good and ill, through life and death !
 But hearken with attentive ear !
 Methinks the Saviour's voice I hear :
 " Though every orb that gilds yon sky
 Should from its sphere in terror fly ;
 Though the blue heavens, like shrivelled
 scroll,
 Should vanish, or asunder roll ;
 Though earth, with every glittering scene,
 Should perish, never to be seen :
 Yet shall my promises stand sure,
 Unshaken, as my throne secure ;
 One jot or tittle ne'er shall fail ;
 But all on me for help who call,
 Shall know unchanging is my word ;
 Shall know **JEHOVAH IS THE LORD !**"





THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 171. MARCH, 1838. Vol. 15.

THE TRIBUTE OF A FATHER

To the Memory of a beloved and only child,
T— A— C—, who died February 18th, 1832,
aged four years.—Dedicated to the children
of A— School.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Regarding you
as the lambs of my flock, whom it is my
duty to feed, I present you with a short
account of a much beloved and only child,
over whom the grave has closed, but who
will ever live in the memory of his be-
reaved parents. My heart's desire and
prayer to God for you is, that our tem-
poral loss may be made the means of
promoting your spiritual gain.

Our heavenly Father, who “doeth all

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things well," has been pleased to deprive us very suddenly of him who was almost all our warmest affections could desire—the delight of our eyes and of our hearts—the subject of many hopes and many prayers. Though our souls still deeply feel the wound, I trust we do not sorrow as those who have no hope: for this dear lamb is doubtless gathered to the heavenly fold by the great and good Shepherd, who "gathereth the lambs with his arm, and carrieth them in his bosom."

Our dear little Alfred was not only much noticed, but, I have reason to believe, was beloved by many of you, my dear children. Some of you were in the habit every week, when the season of the year allowed, of presenting him with a nosegay; and you well remember with what earnestness he looked every Saturday for the accustomed gift, what joy sparkled in his countenance as he collected those little garlands from each of you, and how delighted he was in making you some trifling return. Like one of those sweet flowers was he nipped in the very bud, like them also, though withered, has he left a fragrance behind. Our dear boy was as remarkable for a strong and healthy constitution, as for his sprightliness and intelligence. Few, even at his tender age, have tasted so little of that bitter cup of sorrow which is the lot of a fallen world. Until his last illness, he

had been preserved from nearly all of those complaints to which infancy and childhood are subject. But how short-sighted are all human calculations which are drawn from mere outward appearances. "God seeth not as man seeth."

It is now an unspeakable blessing and consolation to us, his parents, to reflect that we strove together to bring up our dear child "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord"—to impress his opening mind at a very early age with a sense of the fear of God and the love of his Saviour, the misery of hell, and the joys of heaven. And, blessed be God, he gave us not a few tokens that our endeavours have not been "in vain in the Lord."

It is related of Dr. Doddridge, that his mother taught him the History of the Old and New Testament before he could read, by the assistance of some Dutch Tiles in the chimney of the room where they commonly sat; and that her wise and pious reflections upon the stories there represented, were the means of making some good impressions on his heart which never wore out. The account of this pleasing and simple method of instruction led me to place before our dear child, when little more than two years old, some prints in a large Family Bible. They not only caught his attention, but at once captivated his tender mind. Again and again would he call upon his dear mamma

or myself to shew him "the pictures out of the great large book," requiring, as he proceeded from print to print, particular explanations of each. It was his constant delight to hear and to ask questions concerning them; and his memory, from this exercise, became retentive and correct to an extraordinary degree; so that the knowledge which he gained of the most striking narratives of the Old and New Testament was surprising for his age; and thus, what might have proved a task, became to him a source of amusement.

From the age of two years, he was present in the morning at our family devotions: of course, this, at first, was more from consideration for his nurse, than on his account. After a short time I used to talk with him on the subject of the reading, which led him gradually to take an interest in it. And though now and then, from his playfulness, I had some difficulty to catch him, and to keep him quiet in the chair in which I placed him, ere long I so far prevailed, that as soon as I opened the Bible; he would begin with earnestly enquiring, "What you go to read about?" As I was proceeding through the Bible, he would listen with pleasure and fixed attention, smiling when the names of Noah, Abraham, or Moses occurred. When the servants had left the room, it was my cus-

tom to question him concerning what had been read, and he rarely failed to give some proper reply. I at length allowed him, as a favour, to put questions to me from the Bible Stories which he heard. Very amusing to us was the delight and triumph, when I pretended to hesitate and feel a difficulty in answering him. A few days before his death, he begged me to read to him, out of the Bible, the part about Abel and Cain, then about Noah, Moses, Pharaoh, Joseph and his brethren, and at last the account of Samson, and the manner of his death. Sitting on my knee, he would listen with the most fixed attention, interposing now and then a few of his little remarks and questions. For instance, I well recollect that after reading to him the history of Samson, he enquired, "Papa, did Samson's soul go to the bad place, where the souls of the naughty men go?" Often, whilst I related the history of Joseph and his brethren to my dear boy, have I seen the tears trickle down his cheek, and his little bosom heave with sobs; and at the conclusion he generally added, in a most earnest manner, as if gathering consolation from the thought, "But God took care of him."

There were other stories of a moral and religious nature which he delighted to hear, such as "The little Woodman

and his dog Cæsar," "Robert and the Owl," with which many of you are acquainted. Whilst however you read other books, let the Bible be your chief study; that, like Timothy, from your childhood you may know the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make you "wise unto salvation."

At an early period, his mamma had accustomed him to kneel down every morning by her side, and offer up his simple prayer. And when he had finished, she used to add some short petition aloud for him. This gave him the idea of praying for himself. After he was three years old, he would suit his prayers to his wants and wishes, introducing little requests entirely of his own accord. This he began so early, that it would never have occurred to her at that period to give him any instruction or hints of the kind. The first petition framed by himself was, "Let me be a little angel in that beauty heaven." Another, "Pray, God, don't take away mamma."

One day he persisted in saying what was naughty, and afforded us a melancholy proof that folly is bound up in the heart of a child, that he is "born in sin, and shapen in iniquity."

After dinner, I talked to him very seriously on the great difference between a good and a bad child—how God loved the one, but would not suffer the other to

dwell with him in heaven. His sighs and his tears, as he listened to me, with a downcast face, bore witness to the impression made on his tender mind; and the next morning, on saying his prayers with his mamma, without the least suggestion from her, he added, "I was naughty, yesternight, O Lord, forgive my sin."

My dear children, every morning and evening, implore God to give you his grace to make you holy and happy; to keep you from the great enemy of souls, who "walketh about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour;" and from all the various dangers and snares which beset your path. With earnestness cry unto him, "My Father, be thou the guide of my youth." Show daily a grateful remembrance of the providence and goodness of the Lord, who "openeth his hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing," for on his bounty you hourly depend for every blessing you possess, temporal and spiritual.

When our dear child was allowed to dine with us for the first time, on some particular occasion, he was surprised and amused at hearing me say grace before we sat down; but upon its being explained to him, he so entirely entered into the reason for it, that though in his playful way, when he saw the cloth on the table the next day, he ran laughing out of the

room, calling out "Amen," he scarcely ever afterwards forgot to return thanks after each meal in his nursery, in a thoughtful and serious manner, saying, for instance, "I thank my Lord for my good becker," * or dinner, as it might be. And if his nurse, in observing that he had not eaten so much as usual, wished him to finish what was set before him, he would reply, "No, Addy, I've said my grace;" or if she persuaded him to take a little more, he would repeat his grace after it. Always begin and conclude your meals with some acknowledgment of the mercy of your heavenly Father, and this not as a mere form, but from the heart. "Whatsoever," saith St. Paul, "ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him."

At the age of three years and four months, little Alfred accompanied us to church. He was delighted, as many children are, at the introduction to so new a scene; but, unlike most, he tried hard to keep up his attention to the service. Whenever he heard the Lord's Prayer, he repeated it after me so audibly and distinctly, as to be heard by many in the congregation; and so anxiously did he look forward to the hour of public worship, that he was quite uneasy if the nurse did not get him ready in proper time. Being permitted to stand upon the

* Breakfast.

pew seat when the children were brought to be christened, that he might get a sight of them, the moment the Lord's Prayer was commenced he came down quickly, in order to kneel on the ground, and then join his little voice to that of others employed at the throne of grace.

When he noticed me in the pulpit, his sweet countenance beamed with animation and delight, and much did he endeavour to understand and remember what was said. Highly delighted would he be when he caught a name or text which he knew before, and would turn round to his mamma, and give her a smile of satisfaction. "Paul," he would say in a whisper, "Paul again;" and sometimes he would add, "It too hard, mamma—I not understand." When the subject of the lesson was any striking part of Scripture history, I often questioned him after church, and was ever gratified with his answers. While staying at Southsea, the summer before last, on his return with us from church, he went up to a soldier stationed at a sentry box, and addressed him, "Soldier, have you been to church to-day?" "No, sir," was his answer. "Then you ought." He scarcely ever pronounced the name of God, or Jesus Christ, but with a pause and altered tone of voice.

Many of the circumstances here related may seem to denote something strikingly

MARCH.

grave and serious in the character of our dear child; yet was he the most lively little creature imaginable, joy beamed in his sweet face constantly, he was always in motion, always busy about something, and it is a pleasing reflection to us that his little life was a succession of happiness.

When occasionally he was mischievous or unmindful of what was said to him, he was told by his mamma, "I must punish you, Alfred, because God commands me to try to make you good." He had been informed also of Eli displeasing God, because he did not punish his sons when they were wicked. This was so impressed on his mind, that he would say, in the midst of sobs and tears when in disgrace, "You must puggy me, mamma, or God be angry. Eli did not, and God broke his neck." Never was he found fault with, or punished, without instantly saying, "I so sorry, mamma; do, do forgive me; I do so no more." And he would get upon a chair or stool to reach up to her, and put his dear arms round her neck, whilst he earnestly implored forgiveness. He never resisted punishment, or felt angry at it, but was softened and penitent. His sweetness of disposition appeared also in his frequent desire to carry fruit after dinner to the servants in the kitchen. Also, whenever he saw any poor person at our door asking relief, he

was uneasy until he had obtained a half-penny or penny to take to him; and many an Irishman has implored the best blessings of heaven on his young benefactor.

Little did we imagine, when our dear child went with us the last time into Warwickshire, such a joyous being, all animation and mirth, that he was never to return to enliven our dwelling with his cheerful voice, and to be our delightful and amusing companion. When thinking of his last journey, he spake with delight of seeing a much endeared and afflicted cousin, who for about four years had been confined to his couch, his limbs having been dreadfully contracted by a most painful disorder. This dear cousin was a peculiarly interesting and intelligent child; and his early affliction had been so blessed to his soul, that it was delightful and edifying to hear his sensible and pious observations, to witness his sweet patient spirit under his sufferings, and the cheerful resignation with which he spake of expecting daily a summons to eternity. Faith in a crucified Saviour had smoothed to him the bed of sickness, and cheered his passage through the valley of death into the blissful regions of eternal day. Our dear child, speaking of him, observed, "Little Trilly, mamma, will go to heaven when he dies." He found him greatly altered, his body so wasted and emaciated as to be

reduced to a mere skeleton, but still animated with peace, hope, and joy.

Our dear little Alfred was playing about, with his usual gaiety and spirits, on Thursday, at his grandmamma's, in Warwick. It is remarkable, that in the morning of that day, a little more than forty-eight hours before his death, as he knelt down by his mamma, he introduced, entirely of his own accord, the following petition: "O Lord, let me go to that beauty heaven, and be safe under the angels' soft wings." It was observed by his aunt, in the course of the following night, that there was evidently some obstruction in his breathing. On her saying, "The little boy is very hoarse," he immediately turned round, and looking at her with an arch smile, replied, "I sha'n't preach on Sunday, Aunt Emma." Medical advice was instantly called in. No symptoms of danger were perceived until Friday afternoon, when his complaint was pronounced to be a dangerous attack of croup. With wonderful patience he submitted to the measures prescribed. Looking at this time earnestly on his mamma, he said, "Write to papa, and say, I sick." Being absent some miles, a messenger, with a carriage, conveyed to me the mournful news. On my arrival, about twelve o'clock the following night, the countenances of grief and dismay which I beheld filled my soul with

anguish, and told me that but little hope of life remained. I found him placed in a warm bath. He stretched out to me his little hand; and on my saying, "My dear boy, I hope you are a little better?" he replied faintly, "No, no." The bath afforded him such a degree of ease and comfort, that his playful manner for a few moments returned. A little afterwards he appeared to all of us so much to have recovered, that I took the welcome information to his mamma, who had been prevailed upon to leave the sad scene of distress. When I came back, however, I found it was a false hope, which had only lifted us up to cast us down. On my asking him whether I should pray with him to God to make him better, he answered earnestly, "Do, do, papa."

The obstruction in his breathing greatly increased. We then observed him lift up his little hands, as he had been used to do in prayer; and a few moments afterwards I underwent the bitter pang of seeing him breathe his last. He gently fell asleep in Jesus, between three and four o'clock on Saturday morning. Never did the lesson come home to my heart with such power as it did then: "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow." Never did I feel more the need of strength from above, to be able to say from the heart, "The will of the Lord be done."

There is a voice, however, which speaks comfort, and bids us dry our tears: "Go thy way, thy son liveth."

For many reasons, we determined to have the remains of our beloved child brought back to the place of his birth, and his home, to which, after every period of absence, he always returned with peculiar delight; exclaiming, when on his road he first caught a view of it, "That's my house and my church."

The Friday after his death, I was called to the melancholy and painful duty of following his remains to "the house appointed for all living," amidst the tears and sympathies of many of my flock; but "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

THE SERGEANT'S WIFE.

It was night. The soldiers in both the hostile armies were hushed in quiet slumbers, and no sound was heard, save the sentinel's measured tread, and the occasional cry, "All's well."

A muffled form approached. "Who comes there?" demanded the sentinel. "A friend," answered a timid voice, softly. "Advance," said the sentinel, "and give the parole." The same soft and timid voice said, "Love." "Love?" replied the sentinel; "Love is not the parole; you cannot pass; it would be more

than my life is worth to let you pass." "Indeed!" exclaimed the stranger, "it's cruel not to let a sergeant's wife pass to take, perhaps, a last farewell of her husband. I beseech you, sir, let me pass. The battle, you know, is expected to-morrow; it may be the last night I can ever spend in my husband's company; and I have travelled forty miles to see him." "No more. I can't let you pass." "Nay, sir, but hear me one moment. Have *you* a wife that loves you with all her heart? If she should leave her babes, and walk forty miles just to see you the night before a battle, and ——" "Pass, friend—all's well!"

Follow that fond, devoted heart to her husband's pillow on the cold ground. He starts to find her there, but presses her tenderly to his bosom, and inquires anxiously for the little ones she has left behind. They talk of the few fleeting years they had spent together in wedded love, before war had dragged him from his home; and the wife weeps bitterly, as she thinks of the morrow.

The hours of night steal hastily away. The dawn forces Laura to bid her husband farewell; and, as she retires with his fondest messages for the little ones at home, the signal is given for the soldiers to prepare for battle.

It was, indeed, her last farewell. She withdrew, but lingered near the scene, and watched, from a neighbouring hill, every movement of



the two armies, till the battle ceased, and all was quiet once more. The shades of night hang in gloom over the battle-ground, and forbid all search for the wounded, the dying, or the dead. Morn approaches; and, with its earliest dawn, Laura, with a throbbing heart, wanders over that field of slaughter to see if she can discover the father of her babes among the slain. Alas! it is too true. There he lies, all covered with gore. She sinks upon his bosom in a swoon, and rises no more.

Children, what if that father, that mother had been your own? Teacher, what shall save you and yours from a similar fate? Blessed be God, for the gospel of peace! Send his peaceful principles through the world, and wars shall be no more.

BIBLE HISTORY.

We find that Cain, after the murder of Abel, went away from the presence of God; the anguish of heart he felt, when God declared that he was cursed, did not arise from any sorrow for sin, nor because he had offended God, but from the punishment laid upon him. Had he been a true penitent, he would have waited on God, and not gone away from him. He would have confessed his sin fully, taken all the blame of it to himself, acknowledged the greatness of his guilt, and returned to his duty. As for the punishment, he would have willingly endured it, and counted it nothing to what he deserved, even if it had been many times greater than it was. But his was not true repentance; there was no godly sorrow in it; no sorrow for having offended and displeased God. He could not say as David did, in the 51st Psalm, "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned." Like a scorner, he hated God for reproving him, "and went away from the presence of God."

This is what all bad men do; they hate the light because it makes their own bad deeds manifest: they love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. They shun God, and God's people, whose holy lives and tempers are a continual reproach to themselves; and just as a thief would run away from a man with a lantern, so do these hate the light of God's truth. When you have done or said any thing wrong, do not hide it; do not cloke it; do not lay it up in your heart; but go at once to your parents, and tell them; go at once to God, in prayer, and confess your sin with a humble, lowly, penitent, and obedient heart; so you will find peace; your parents will forgive you; God, for Christ's sake, our dear Saviour, will forgive you—only confess your sin to him, so will he

forgive you the wickedness of your sin. But if you hide it, it will be like a serpent in your heart; it will sting you, and bite you. You will never be happy; you will never be at peace; for how can we be at peace, when God is angry with us?

Cain was the first who built a city, and some of his family were the first who found out how to make musical instruments—such as the harp and the organ; and to work brass and iron into instruments of husbandry—perhaps ploughs, and reaping hooks, and pruning knives; and instruments of war—such as swords, and spears, and axes. Thus we see that Cain's family were clever; but as they had not God in all their thoughts, they were ignorant of the only true wisdom; the only wisdom that will profit a man when he is dying; the only thing he can carry away with him.

But in the family of Seth, who was born to Adam, in the place of Abel that was murdered, the knowledge of the true God was kept alive. Among the good and holy men of this family, Enoch is remarkable. Very little is said of him, but enough to shew us that he was a very pious and holy man, and a great favourite of God. "Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him." Enoch walked with God: just as a child walks with his father, so did Enoch walk with God. A child who has a good and kind father, and who loves his father truly, has a great respect for him. He would not say any thing foolish or wrong in his hearing, because his father dislikes all such words. He would be very careful not to do any thing to displease his father; not because he is afraid of his father, as a slave is of his cruel master, but because he loves him too well to do any thing which would give him pain. Enoch loved God thus, as a good child loves and reverences

his father. God had bestowed upon him that most excellent gift for which we pray every Sunday in our Litany: "a heart to love and dread him, and diligently to live after his commandments." "And Enoch walked with God:" God led him as a dear child; taught him to go; led him by the hand; held him up in his paths, that his footsteps might not slip; and "he was not; for God took him." He went up to heaven, as Elijah, the prophet, afterwards did, without dying first, as the good Christians shall also do at the last day, who happen to be alive at Christ's second coming; for we are told by St. Paul that they shall be changed; their bodies, in a moment, will be made like unto Christ's glorious body, and they, like Enoch, will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and so "be ever with the Lord." Let us try to learn from Enoch's example to walk with God: to remember that he is always with us, and always looking at us; let us labour to please him and do his will; and then if we live, it is to him, and if we die, it is still to live with him—because

"In death we live, as well as life,
If his in death we be."

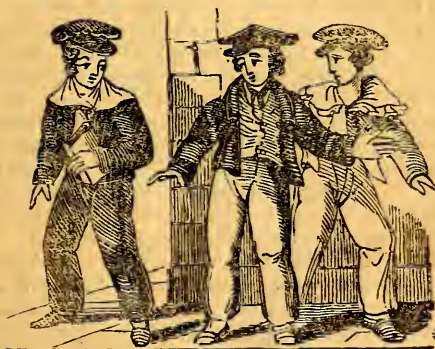
We are told that at one time the good people of the earth, who served and worshipped God, and are called in Scripture "the sons of God," kept themselves apart from the wicked and worldly who did not serve God; and this was right, for "evil communications corrupt good manners:" keeping company with bad men might, and perhaps would, make good men bad in time. God's true servants are commanded "to come out, and to be separate from the wicked, and not touch the unclean thing." God's true servants had kept themselves away from the wicked; but, afterwards, they joined

themselves to them. They married the daughters of these worldly-minded men; the earth became soon filled with violence; and God Almighty declared that his Spirit should not always strive with man.

See here how God's Holy Spirit did always strive with men to bring them to repentance; to be sorry for their sin, and then forsake it. No wicked man ever went on in his wickedness without having had many a warning from God's holy Spirit. The Holy Ghost has spoken to every sinner in his conscience, telling him plainly that he was doing wrong, and that God saw it, and marked it all. No man ever perished without having had some warning, and at the great day it will be seen that it was because men loved darkness rather than light, and sin rather than God, that they perished everlastingly. O let us beware not to resist the Holy Spirit! When he puts good thoughts into our hearts, may we listen to and follow him. He will lead us into all truth, and not only shew us what we ought to do, but give us strength also to do that which we ought. When God saw that the wickedness of man had become great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually, he said he would destroy the earth, with the inhabitants of it; yet he gave them time to repent—he would not send the flood for 120 years. During all this time, his servant Noah was, as we may believe, preaching to the wicked people to repent: telling them what God would do if they did not, and persuading them to turn to God. Doubtless his words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed him not.

How good God is! He willeth not that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. He waits to be gracious. His goodness is meant to bring us to consider our ways,

and turn to him. Oh! let us beware how we trifle with God! Death may come in, like a sudden flood, and sweep us away to destruction. Let us, then, pray to God to give us true faith in Jesus Christ, and try to live to do his will; then to live is Christ, and to die is gain; and if death should come, it will only do what the flood did to Noah—not drown us, but carry us to a better land, to be safe and happy.



“ALWAYS GOING TO CHURCH.”

Last Sabbath-day, on my way to Church, three half-grown lads turned a corner into the street through which I was passing. They were well dressed: one seemed bent on going down the street, while the other two were evidently disposed to go in another direction, and wished to secure the company of the first. They were disappointed, as he pressed on, and one petulantly remarked, “Why, Jim, you are always going to church.” This remark explained all; they were for a day of pleasure—he was on his way to the house of God. Noble boy! the

remark, intended to touch his pride, conveyed a high praise. I knew not the lad, but I doubt not, if he perseveres in his purpose, he will be a blessing to society. Where should our young friends be found on the Sabbath, but in the temple of the God who made them, singing his praises, and supplicating his favour? "Always going to church!" Yes, that is the path of safety. The church has nothing to injure, but every thing to elevate the mind and the heart. Such a one as king David loved to be often at the place where God was worshipped; and how much greater need have we to be found there! I hope this may be the distinction of every young friend I have, that he is "always going to church." Wicked boys, who profane the Sabbath, and are preparing for ruin, may laugh at him, but God will look on him with favour. I shall hope for good things of every such lad.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

To have a portion in the world is a mercy; but to have the world for our portion is a misery. It is said of Dr. Martin Luther, that being unexpectedly put in possession of some temporal good, he went to the Lord in prayer, and pleaded that he might not be put off with this for a portion; and that if wealth, ease, or worldly favor were to be had at the sacrifice of God's favor, he would choose affliction, and welcome the cross in its most bitter forms.

Dear young friends, think of this good man. He knew what it was to suffer for Christ's sake. He had counted the cost, and, like Moses, he esteemed it before the treasure of the world; yea, thought reproach greater riches, and, with Paul, would count all things loss, yea, dung and dross, so that he might win Christ, and be found in him. Let this be your ambition also; and

while you ought to be thankful for parents, education, and earthly comforts, seek to have your abiding portion in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Improve your portion in the world for the good of it; that whether your talents be two, five, or ten, you may stand in that day, when he who gave to you shall say, "Give an account of thy stewardship."



LEATHERN BOTTLES.

You know, in old times, they did not make bottles in the East of glass, as we do, but of the skins of beasts. Hence it was that our Lord says, "No man putteth new wine into old bottles."

The custom still prevails in some countries. The cut before you represents a water carrier. You see he has his leathern bottle on his back, in which he takes water from one place to another.

A NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walked the ocean strand—
 A pearly shell was in my hand—
 I stooped, and wrote upon the sand
 My name, the year, the day.
 As onward from the spot I passed,
 One lingering look behind I cast—
 A wave came rolling high and fast,
 And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
 With every mark on earth from me!
 A wave of dark oblivion's sea
 Will sweep across the place
 Where I have trod the sandy shore
 Of time, and been to be no more;
 Of me, my day, the name I bore,
 To leave no track or trace.

And yet with him who counts the sands,
 And holds the waters in his hands,
 I know a lasting record stands
 Inscribed against my name,
 Of all this mortal part has wrought,
 Of all this thinking soul has thought,
 And from these fleeting moments caught,
 For glory or for shame.





THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 172.

APRIL, 1838.

VOL. 15.

THE STOLEN NAILS, OR LITTLE SINS.

“Chasten thy son while there is hope.”—
PROV. xix. 18.

Good children will be thankful for instruction in the right course; and they should be thankful, also, for correction when out of it. For God, who requires parents to train children in the way they should go, will regard those parents as unfaithful, who do not check their offspring when they err only a little. And you must not, dear children, feel that your parents or teachers are unkind to you, if they reprove and admonish you for what you may consider a small offence. I have occasion to remember with grati-

APRIL.

D

tude, the fidelity of my mother in many instances, one of which I will relate to you.

When a small boy, my parents sent me to the store to obtain articles of merchandise. I saw there a cask of shingle nails, some of them having very sharp points, such as I had been wanting to put into the end of a dart. I had no money with me to buy with, and I was ashamed to beg; so, after some hesitation, I put three or four of them unobserved into my pocket. You, who read this, will perhaps enquire if God did not observe me. It is a proper question. He did. He always notices our conduct and feelings; and it should prevent us from sinning to think of that text, "Thou God seest me." But either I did not remember that God saw me, or else I did not fear to offend him, or hoped he would not regard it as of much consequence, that a boy took only three or four small nails.

On returning home, I informed my brother what I had done; and he said directly, "Mother, R— has been stealing." She was grieved to hear it. I made the best excuse I could, but she was not satisfied. The consequences which might flow from such a small affair filled her mind. She said, "How great a matter a little fire kindleth. Taking a little at first, and then a little more afterwards is the way to destruction." She related a

story of a youth, who when he stood on the gallows with a rope round his neck, wished to speak once more with his mother. She went up to his side before a great multitude of people, and put her face close to his mouth, and he bit off a piece of her ear, saying, "Mother, if you had reproved me when I first stole little things, I should not then have come to this untimely end." My mother then added, "I do not wish my child to dishonour God, nor to come to such an end, nor to be guilty myself of bringing him there." She conversed with me a long time, on the importance of being honest in the smallest matter.

She then took the nails and wrapped them in a paper and laid them in a drawer, and when I went again to the store, a few days or weeks after, they were returned and left in the place from which they had been taken.

This transaction has never been forgotten. It occurred about thirty years ago, and many thousand miles from the spot in which this is written; yet I could show you precisely where my mother stood at the table making bread, and also the part of the room in which I listened to her kind admonitions. She warned me because she loved me. This I knew very well. Had nothing been said to me, I might have been in prison now, or in the prison of despair.

The children who read this, will not, I hope, take so much as a pin without the owner's leave. The Saviour, after speaking of the unjust steward, in the sixteenth chapter of Luke, asks some questions in which the meaning seems to be, "How can one be saved if he be dishonest?"

Children, remember one of the commands is, "Thou shalt not steal."

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER TO A YOUNG
CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

..... I tremble for you, dear young friend, and watch over you with godly jealousy, lest the spirit of the world, and the temptations of the trifling around you, should prove too powerful, and quench the Spirit of th Lord, and lead you captive in the snares of the devil. Oh! stop, and think, I beseech you; think how vast the sacrifice you are making to the service of sin; yes, I repeat it, to the service of sin: for I more than suspect that you have already "cast off fear, and restrained prayer before God;" that you have slighted the closet and the church; and the society of serious Christians is now become a reproach to you; backsliding has begun at the closet door, but ah! dear young friend, it will not end there. No, the way of sin is downhill, as well for the

backsliding professor, as for the openly profane. Therefore, do be warned before it is too late; do “consider your ways;” “return again by the way that thou wentest;” “repent quickly, and do thy first works;” bring the sacrifice to the cross, whatever it may be, however dear—dear as a right hand or a right eye—“cut it off, and cast it from thee”—and forsake, yes, forsake directly, promptly, finally forsake the place, the persons, the occasions of your sinning and departing from the Lord. If you will return to him, you must put your abominations from you; then, saith the Lord, “then thou shalt not remove.” But oh! do remember, sin must be hated, loathed, forsaken, and destroyed, or it will destroy you, and at last prove you to be an enemy to God, a child of the devil, and a “backslider in heart, filled with your own ways.”

A dear minister, now with God, thus affectingly preached on this subject: “Every thing that has a right to speak, speaks against sin. God says, Destroy it, or I must destroy you—the Law says, Destroy it, or I must condemn you. The Gospel says, Destroy it, or I cannot bless you. Christ says, Destroy it, for I came to destroy the works of the devil. The Holy Spirit says, Destroy it, or I cannot dwell in the soul. Heaven says, Destroy it, or I cannot open my gates to receive

you. And the holy soul says, Destroy it, or I am robbed of my happiness and peace."

Dear, dear young friend, do regard this affecting description of the evil of sin; and oh! once more let me beseech you, when tempted to sin, to hear the Lord God Almighty saying to you, "Oh! do not that abominable thing which I hate." I might urge other motives, but I forbear. Think of what I have said. Remember it is not now as yet too late to return unto him, from whom you have revolted. He speaks to you by this effort, and by my solicitude afresh calls you to return unto him, "so shall you be built up," so will he receive you graciously, and "heal your backsliding," and "love you freely."

That you may at once return, is the prayer of your sympathizing friend,

FIDELIA.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

We are now clear of Zetland, and about ten o'clock reach the Fair Isle—one of their boats comes off, a strange looking thing, without an entire plank in it, excepting one on each side, upon the strength of which the whole depends, the rest being patched and joined. This trumpery skiff the men manage with the

most astonishing dexterity, and row with remarkable speed ; they take two banks, that is, two rowers on each bench, and use very short paddles. The wildness of their appearance, with long elf-locks, striped worsted caps, and shoes of raw hide—the fragility of their boat—and their extreme curiosity about us and our cutter, give them a title to be distinguished as natives. One of our people told their steersman, by way of jeer, that he must have great confidence in Providence to go to sea in such a vehicle ; the man very sensibly replied, that without the same confidence he would not go to sea in the best boat in England.

INDIAN SERPENT CHARMERS.

PSALM lviii. 4.

“ They are like the deaf adder.”

As the houses in some parts of the East are much infested with serpents, the most profitable part of the charmer's business is to detect their retreat and draw them forth. They certainly discover where they are without ocular evidence, and make them come forth by the notes of a pipe. It is often said, that the charmer introduces his tame serpents, and that they obey the accustomed call, and are exhibited in proof of the triumph of the

charmer's art. This may sometimes be the case: but instances are known in which there could not have been any collusion or contrivance; and, after the severest test and scrutiny, many have been obliged to rest in the conclusion, that the charmers do really possess the physical means of discovering the presence of serpents without seeing them, and of attracting them from their lurking places. This is Mr. Lane's conclusion, who also suspects that they discover the presence of serpents by the smell, and compares their attractive powers to those of the fowler, who by the fascination of his voice allures the bird into his net. In the *Missionary Magazine* for March, 1837, a missionary to India (G. Gogerly) states that some incredulous persons, after the most minute and careful precaution against artifice of any kind, sent a serpent-charmer into the garden. "The man began playing with his pipe, and proceeding from one part of the garden to another for some minutes, stopped at a part of the wall much injured by age, and intimated that a serpent was within. He then played quicker, and his notes were louder, when almost immediately a large cobra di capello put forth his hooded head; and the man fearlessly ran to the spot, seized it by the throat, and drew it forth. He then showed the poison-fangs; and beat them out; afterwards it was

taken to the room where his baskets were left, and deposited among the rest." From the statement of the precautions used on this occasion, for which we refer to the publication, this was a very fair trial. Does not his beating out the poison-fangs explain what follows in the next verse? "Break their teeth, O God, in their mouth." This is usually done by the serpent-charmers, who then tame them, and use them in various exhibitions. These exhibitions are much the same everywhere. The most usual are thus described by Mr. Gogerly, in the paper above cited, which we the rather quote as it partly serves to explain our present cut: "Taking out eight or ten



different kinds, they cast them on the ground. The animals immediately make off in different directions. The *sap-wullah* (charmer) then applies his pipe to

his mouth, and sends forth a few of his peculiar notes, and all the serpents stop as though enchanted; they then turn towards the musician, and approaching him within two feet, raise their heads from the ground, and bending backward and forward, keep time with the tune. When he ceases playing, they drop their heads, and remain quiet on the ground." He adds that there is another and inferior kind of serpent-charmers, who are Bengalese of the lowest caste. They do not use the pipe, but merely beat with their fingers a small drum which is held in the hand. Sometimes these men, sitting on the ground, hold the cover of a basket with one hand, and with the other pull the tails of the serpents, and otherwise irritate them, until the animals become so infuriated that they dart forward and seize the naked arm of the *sap-wullah*, which he exposes for the purpose. They sometimes allow their arms to be bitten in this manner till they are covered with blood.

USEFUL SAYINGS.

The young would derive much benefit from having their memories stored with short weighty sentences: such, if read with attention and prayer, may be greatly blessed to them, both in preserving them from evil in time of temptation

and in encouraging them forward to duty. One such sentence thus brought into exercise may be of more real worth than many pages of occasional reading would prove ; and the memory of many a pious minister, long since ceased from his labours, would be rendered precious, and by it, he, being dead, would still speak and preach to the present generation. With this hope, the following have been copied from the gleanings of a mother for her children :

Flavel.

“ Never touch that which you cannot recommend to God by prayer for a blessing. ’ As an illustration of the importance of this saying, it is said, “ There was once a poor good man reduced, with his family, to the greatest straits and poverty. Under the pinchings of hunger, they stole some animal food, and it was dressed and placed upon the table for a meal. Both children and parents having been in the habit of asking a blessing on their food, were about to do so in the present case, when conscience aroused them from their wanderings, and brought the words, ‘ thou shalt not steal,’ with such force to recollection, that the poor father was dumb—how could he ask God to bless that food which he had allowed his children to obtain by breaking so plain a commandment of the Lord ! The struggle now began ; but, though nature pleaded the extremity of their wants,

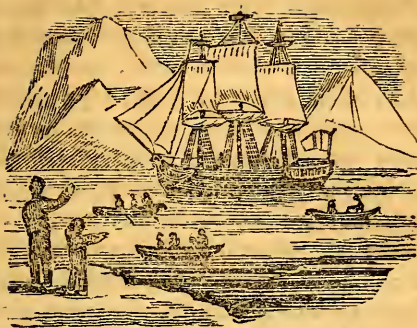
grace triumphed, and they were enabled to put away the accursed thing, and cast themselves, with humility and broken hearts, again upon the mercy and providence of God, believing that he who heareth the young ravens when they cry, would also hear and supply their wants: nor were they mistaken; the Lord did appear for them.

Dear children, remember it is better to suffer than to sin—sin always brings sorrow in its train; but see in this case the importance of the saying just written! Praying for a blessing brought their sin so plainly before them, that conscience, partly lulled to sleep, awoke to its office, and produced that repentance which we have reason to believe God accepted; and, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, that he restored, pardoned, and healed them.

Well has David said, “If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me;” and beautifully has Dr. Watts versified it thus:

“If sin lay covered in my heart,
While prayer employed my tongue,
My God had shewn me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung:

“But God—his name be ever blest—
Hath set my spirit free;
Nor turned away my poor request,
Nor hid his face from me.”



LABRADOR.

We little think in England what our dear Missionaries and their families endure both by land and by sea.

The following account may well lead us on to pray much for them, and always to bear them in mind when we pray in the Litany for all that travel by land or by water.

The perils to which the Harmony was exposed, in her outward course, commenced soon after the 24th of June, on which day, after a speedy and prosperous voyage across the Atlantic, she fell in with the drift ice, about 200 miles from the coast of Labrador. According to the statement of the captain, it was not merely the immense quantity of ice, that rendered the navigation difficult and dangerous, nor yet the number of ice-bergs that crowded the narrow channels, and of which he on one occasion,

counted no fewer than seventy ; but more especially the character of the frozen masses, consisting chiefly of what seamen call bottom ice, and the violent swells by which they were frequently agitated. The undulations hereby produced, exceeded on one occasion, 100 feet in perpendicular height ; a spectacle which, however sublime, could not be contemplated without the most lively sensations of alarm ; for though the Harmony was at the time beyond the reach of the most violent agitation, the striking of the ice against the ship's sides was sufficiently severe to cause the utmost apprehensions for her safety. It was, in fact, only by the constant use of fenders of tow, or cable junk, let down beneath the surface of the water, and interposed between the vessel and the advancing masses, that the sailors were enabled, with the Divine help, to prevent her receiving serious, and perhaps irreparable injury from their sharp and rugged edges. For eight days subsequent to this anxious period, the vessel remained completely intrenched in the ice, not a drop of water being visible on any side of her, as far as the eye could reach. At length, however, the Lord sent deliverance from these accumulated perils, and opened to her a safe, though toilsome passage, through the ice to the coast of Labrador. On entering Hopedale harbour, on the 4th August, the captain learned that it had become clear of ice only two days before ; a circumstance which

led him to consider, as peculiarly providential, the many obstacles which had hitherto opposed his progress, having every reason to believe, that, had the ship been obliged to contend with similar ones in the narrow and rocky channels between Hopedale and the islands, the destruction of the vessel would, humanly speaking, have been inevitable.

“On the 15th September, the ship commenced her homeward voyage. The weather was boisterous, but it was not till the 28th that she had to encounter any severe gale. On that day a heavy sea broke over her, which carried away the skiff hanging astern, stove the cabin windows, swamped the cabin, and, in its progress over the decks, washed away the binnacle and cookhouse, broke the wheel, and nearly killed the man at it. Five days after this occurrence, the *Harmony* fell in with a wreck, which proved to be the *Superior*, Captain Dunn, bound from Miramichi to Cardiff, with a cargo of timber. From this vessel, her people were the means of rescuing nine unfortunate mariners, (including the captain,) who had been reduced to the last state of suffering and exhaustion, by famine, and by constant exposure to the winds and waves. One of their number died the night after he was brought on board the *Harmony*, and his remains were committed to the deep, with as much solemnity as the continuance of the storm permitted. The remaining eight

gradually regained their health and strength during the progress of the voyage, and on the Harmony's arrival in the Thames, on the 14th October, were enabled to repair to their homes and families,—it is to be hoped not without a sense of the gratitude they owe to that gracious and Almighty Lord, whose wonders they have seen in deep, and whose protecting and delivering power they have so strikingly experienced.

BIBLE HISTORY.*

We read, in our last number, how the wickedness of man became great in the earth, after the good people, "the sons of God," joined themselves to the bad and worldly ones, "the sons of man." God Almighty, who is so merciful that he desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be turned from his wickedness and live, would not destroy even the wicked world without giving it a long and sufficient warning. For 120 years. this warning was given; but they did not believe it: they made light of it; they loved sin and their own ways too well to part with them and give them up. But Noah, though living in the midst of wickedness, was upright before God. That Holy Spirit of God, which had striven in vain with the rest of the world, had not striven in vain with Noah. He had, through God's grace, used God's grace aright; and, like Enoch, he also walked with God. God would not destroy the righteous with the wicked; that would be ever far from him. He had promised that the seed

* Continued from page 69.

of the woman should bruise the serpent's head, and he would not fail his promise. And although his church was only made up of one family, yet no evil could happen to that family, because it was the holy seed; and God would not destroy it, because a blessing was in it. And thus, while power, and riches, and strength, and courage could do nothing to save others, Noah's piety and love of God kept him safe, when all around him were doomed to destruction. So is it always with such as fear and love God; they may boldly say, "The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man can do unto me. If God be for us, who can be against us!"

Noah was commanded to make an ark—a great ship—large enough to hold Noah and his family, and enough of all the creatures of the earth and air to stock the earth again, and food for them all. God himself, as we believe, taught Noah how to build this great ship, as he taught Adam to speak, and the apostles to speak in many tongues, by his Holy Spirit. Doubtless the wicked and unbelieving men of the world laughed at Noah, and thought him beside himself. They despised God's merciful warning; they would not believe that death was so near at hand. They looked to the sky; there was no sign of death there: it was blue, and clear, and bright; no dark threatening clouds had gathered there; all things continued as they were from the beginning. Meanwhile the building of the ark went on; it grew into a huge ship—a vast house, built in a great boat—and was, doubtless, a jest to the wicked men who lived in that time.

Our Saviour says, (Luke xvii. 28.) "they ate, they drank, they bought, they sold; they planted, they builded, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the flood came, and

swept them away." They little thought what was coming upon the earth, and how soon they should appear before that God whose merciful warning they had refused to hear and regard, to give an account of their lives. When the day was come, God ordered all the animals which were to be saved to go into the ark. Whatever God bids the creatures do, they do immediately: man is the only creature that does not obey God. When God ordered the lion to kill the disobedient prophet, (as we read I Kings, chap. 13, verse 24,) and not to tear the body of the man, nor kill the ass on which he had been riding, but to guard them both, the lion did so, though it was contrary to his nature, because God had commanded him to do it. When God ordered the whale, or great fish, to be ready near the ship to catch Jonah, he was ready waiting when they threw the prophet into the sea. (Jonah i. 17.) When God ordered the milch kine (that is, cows that had calves) to carry his ark towards the land of Israel, out of the land of the Philistines, they obeyed, and went towards the land of Israel, although they were going away from their young ones all the while: so they went along, as God commanded them; but kept lowing as they went, because they were going from their young calves, which they loved, and longed to be with. So when God commanded the animals, after they had been created, to come to Adam, and walk past him, that he, being taught by God, should give them their names, they all came and did as they were bidden; and now God ordered a pair of all unclean animals, (a male and female of each,) and seven pair of clean animals, to go into the ark, in which store of food was laid up. The clean animals were wanted for food and sacrifice, and therefore there were many more of them wanted than of the unclean. Every thing has

its use ; God made all things for good ; but we can understand the use of some things more than of others.

When they were all safely in the ark, God shut them in : and now the time of warning was over, and the time of vengeance come. It was too late for the wicked people of the world to have repented now, even had they desired to repent. They had had their trial ; they had been mercifully warned ; but they had refused the warning, and now the time came for God to arise to vengeance. The clouds began to come up, and grow thicker and blacker in the sky ; the heavens grew darker and darker ; "the windows of heaven were opened ;" the waters above the firmament, which God had at the creation divided from the waters below, began to fall in spouts, and the fountains of the great deep were opened. The same Almighty God who ordered the waters at the beginning to go into one place, now took away the bars, and the waters, which had once quite covered the whole earth, "when it was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep," began to rise and swell. Now the guilty people saw why Noah, whom they had mocked and laughed at, had built the great ark. They now saw why his warning had been given : perhaps they wished now they had listened to his words ; but it was too late. The waters mounted higher and higher, and the great ark floated ; they rose still higher, till the low lands were all full ; they rose still higher, and began to cover the sides of the hills ; they went on rising till every hill top was covered, and there was not a spot of dry ground left. God Almighty once more made the waters cover the earth, and make it a barren waste, as it was till his hand turned it into a beautiful garden and a fruitful field. Every man and child and every living creature were

drowned in the waters, except those which were with Noah, safe in the ark. But, after a time, God caused the waters to stop; the rain no longer came down in spouts from the clouds, and the floods no longer bubbled up from the fountains of the deep, below the earth; and God caused a strong wind to blow, that dried the earth by little and little, and at last the ark rested on a mountain called Ararat, and, to this very day, the people who live near that great hill tell travellers who go there about the ark, and pretend to shew pieces of it, though this latter part of their story cannot be true.

When Noah found the waters were going down, he waited forty days, and then sent out a raven, and the raven went about to and fro, until the waters were gone down. Then Noah sent out a dove, and the little dove could find no rest for her feet; the waters were not gone down enough for the gentle little dove to rest, so she came back to the ark, which had been her home, and Noah took her in, and counted seven days, and then sent her out again, and she came back with a little fresh sprig of olive, which she had just gathered, and Noah knew by the fresh olive that the waters were nearly gone down—that the earth was beginning to be dry and warm enough for the trees and plants to grow. After seven days, he sent forth the dove, and she did not return again, and that shewed that the trees were budded out enough for her to build her nest among the branches; and Noah went forth, doubtless with a very thankful heart, for the first thing he did was to praise God. He built an altar, and offered sacrifices of thanksgiving to God; and God made a covenant with Noah, and set the rainbow in the clouds, as a token of the covenant, a seal to witness, whenever it should be seen, that he would never again drown the world by a flood.

Now, dear reader, there is an ark, open to receive all of us, and there is a flood which will carry all away that are not shut by God within the ark. The ark is Christ's true church—all his people, all such as truly believe on him, and love him, and shew their love by living to do his will, all these are within the ark—and he will keep them in it, and carry them safe over the waves of this troublesome world, so that they may land safe in heaven. How earnestly, then, ought we all to pray to God for his Holy Spirit to make us true, hearty Christians! that we may be really his servants, as Noah was; and be different from the wicked world, as Noah was; and witness against the ways of the world, by our holy lives and good ways, as Noah did, and then when the floods arise, and the rains come down, and the winds blow and beat upon our ark, they will not hurt us, but only help to float us towards heaven. And when once we are brought to know the safety and the comfort which the true knowledge of God brings, we shall be like the little dove, and never wish to leave the ark; we shall never rest away from Christ, but feel that he has the words of eternal life, and that with him only is safety; and if we thus, by his grace, keep steadfast to him, we may hope that when God's holy ark comes to shore and lands all the souls entrusted to it safe, we also, among them, may come before the altar of the Lord, and bless him and praise him in heaven, to whom we prayed, and looked for help, and strength, and prudence, and protection, when on earth.





LEATHERN BOTTLES.

We have already seen the way in which men in the East carry water in large leathern bottles on their backs from place to place.

We here see a girl pouring wine from the skin of a kid into a cup.

A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER,

On presenting her a Bible.

No diamond bright, or ruby rare,
To grace thy neck, adorn thy hair,
My dearest child I give :
These are vain toys that please awhile,
But like the rainbow's transient smile,
Their beauty cannot live.

This sacred treasure, far more dear,
Than diamond, pearl, or ruby clear,
This living gift divine,
A father's love presents to thee :
Oh, may it to thy spirit be
What it has been to mine.

A solace, hope, unerring guide,
 Companion constant at thy side,
 To check the wrong desire ;
 A faithful monitor to warn,
 Its purity thy soul adorn,
 Its promises inspire.

THE FLOWERET.

A flow'ret in a garden smiled,
 Apt emblem of a little child ;
 Its colours, of the fairest hue,
 Denoted health and beauty too :
 Graceful its form, it shed around
 Delightful fragrance o'er the ground :
 In sunshine born, it seemed to say,
 " I ne'er shall see a rainy day."
 But gloomy clouds were gathering fast,
 For sunshine cannot always last.
 O say, what now can save our flower
 From the rude storm and falling shower ?
 What shall preserve its tender frame
 From the keen blast and light'ning's flame ?
 This flow'ret claims the gard'ner's care,
 Who will not let it perish there :
 His hand, which planted it, will still
 Preserve it safe from every ill ;
 Promptly supply the needful aid,
 To shelter its defenceless head.
 Dear children, in the floweret you
 Your own resemblance plainly view.
 With you 'tis sunshine every day,
 Nor fears nor troubles cloud your way ;
 No present cares, nor future ill,
 With anxious thoughts your bosoms fill ;
 Heedless of impending sorrow,
 With each day's tints you paint the morrow ;
 Lively and thoughtless you appear,
 As though 't were summer all the year.
 Think not that I would cast a gloom
 O'er present joys, or days to come

With sable vesture clothe—ah, no !

I deprecate the thought ;
But unmixed happiness below

Can ne'er be mortal's lot.

For, in God's holy word, we read—

“As sparks their upward way proceed,

So surely must the human race

In paths of trouble walk apace.”

My dear young friends, your sky is bright,

But clearest day gives place to night :

Rude blighting winds and reckless showers

May spoil the bloom of fairest flowers ;

And children, when they older grow,

Must feel the stings of pain and woe.

Let me advise :—An interest seek

In Him who would your hearts bespeak,

And claim you as his own.

The tender plants are Jesu's care,

He waits to hear the infant's prayer

Ascending to his throne.

At God's right hand he sits to bless,

And clothe with his own righteousness,

Those children, who, by sovereign grace,

Are early led to seek his face.

In darkest hours, when they complain,

He'll shelter them from storm and rain.

In all their wanderings, be their guide—

For all their varied wants provide ;

Their foes subdue, their griefs assuage,

And calm the howling tempest's rage.

He'll “bless their basket and their store,”

And give them life, for evermore.

Come, children, then, on Jesus call,

He's King in heaven, and Lord of all !

Render to him the honour due,

Who gives us grace, and glory too.

25th March, 1837.

W. C. R.



THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 173.

MAY, 1838.

VOL. 15.

WELL AT CANA IN GALILEE.

We give a cut of the well near Cana of Galilee, which may be taken as an interesting illustration of the better sort of wells in Western Asia, and of the scenes which they usually exhibit. The women are here seen performing their common duty of fetching water. We may mention, however, that wells of this very superior description, and equally convenient for those who resort to them, to replenish their jars and water-skins, are not very common in the East.

ON THE LORD'S SUPPER.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

I trust that many of you are purposing to receive the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper the next time it is administered. May God prepare your hearts for partaking of this holy ordinance, and enable you to approach his table, feeling deeply humbled for all your sins, looking simply to Christ for pardon, and desiring from henceforth to devote your body, soul, and spirit entirely to the service of your heavenly Father! My dear young friends, if this is your aim; if you are really desirous of giving your youngest and best days to God, I would affectionately invite you to come thus to your compassionate Saviour for grace and strength. It will be a great means of fixing your heart in the ways of religion, and of enabling you to keep the vows which were made for you in your baptism, and which you took upon yourselves when you were confirmed. If, then, you would be strengthened by the Holy Spirit to keep the vows you have made, and to increase in true godliness, go and partake of this blessed feast.

Who is it invites us thither? It is the Lord Jesus Christ himself who sends the invitation, makes the provision, gives the entertainment; he it is that bids us welcome to his table. When he institu-

ted this ordinance, he said, "This do in remembrance of *me*." When Christ took the cup and blessed it, he said, "Drink ye all of this;" and do not those who in the right spirit partake of this holy sacrament, truly meet the Lord Jesus at his table? Yes; bodily, indeed, Christ is not there; but spiritually he is present. He meets those who seek him in this ordinance; and they find his presence, and know in their hearts, that of a truth he is with them. But we are told to do this in *remembrance* of Christ. Now, remembrance signifies a previous acquaintance; for how can we remember a person whom we have never known? Oh! then, let us each ask ourselves, "Do I know Christ, and delight to remember him? Do I know him as *my* Saviour, *my* God, *my* King, *my* all?" The ordinance of the Lord's Supper is appointed for a remembrance of him. We observe it in token of this, that though our blessed Jesus be out of sight, he is not out of mind.

Remember Christ! Is there any danger of our forgetting him? Alas! if we were not wretchedly taken up with the world and the flesh, and strangely careless in the concerns of our souls, we could not forget him. But in consideration of the treachery of our memories, this ordinance is appointed to remind us of Christ. The word *sacrament* means an oath; so that when we take the sacrament, we

take a solemn oath, by which we bind our souls with a bond unto the Lord. It is an oath of allegiance to the Lord Jesus, by which we engage ourselves to be his dutiful and loyal subjects, acknowledging him to be our rightful Lord and Sovereign.

In the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, we dedicate ourselves to God, as living temples; temples of the Holy Ghost, separated from every thing that is common and profane, and entirely devoted to the service and honour of God in Christ. We declare that we are not ashamed of the banner of the cross, under which we were enlisted in our baptism; but resolve to continue Christ's faithful servants and soldiers to our lives' end. But do you say, "I am too young to go to the Sacrament"? Oh! my dear young friend, have you ever felt the Holy Spirit at work in your heart, convincing you of sin, and leading you to long to devote yourself to the service of your blessed Redeemer? Then the heavenly Shepherd has not thought you too young to take as a lamb into his fold; and if you were to die to-night, do you suppose he would think you too young to sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb in heaven? Oh! no. If there is one upon whom the Master of the feast looks with feelings of more peculiar interest than another, it is upon that young person

whose heart has been touched with a Saviour's love, and whose sincere desire it is to devote himself to that Saviour who has done so much for him, and who accepts the invitation here offered to him. But perhaps you say, "How am I to know if *I* am invited to partake of the Lord's Supper?" Supposing a friend were to write a letter, and direct it to you, should not you believe that what was written in the letter was addressed to you? Certainly you would. Well, then, the invitation to the Lord's table is directed to the "weary and heavy laden."

Does this character suit you, my young friend? Are you weary of serving sin and Satan; weary of spending your youngest and best days upon worldly pleasures, which can never satisfy your immortal soul? Are you heavy laden with the burden of your sin, and longing to be freed from it? Then, most assuredly, you are invited to come to the Lord's table; there to cast your burden of sin and sorrow upon your blessed Saviour, who is waiting to take it from you, and, in return, give you pardon and peace. Again, the invitation is sent to those who are *athirst*; and whosoever *will*, is invited to take the water of life freely. Do you, then, thirst after holiness? Perhaps you say, "Oh! I long to thirst after Christ; I long to feel, more

and more, the burden of sin ; I do not feel it yet as I ought to do, or as I would do ; therefore, till I feel sin more, I dare not approach the Lord's table." Stop, before you come to such a conclusion as this, and see what is said in the remaining part of the verse I have just quoted. "*Whosoever will*, let him come and take of the water of life freely." Have you, then, the *will* to come and drink of this water of life? Do not be discouraged ; there is grace in a desire for grace ; and thank God if he has been pleased to give you a wish and desire to seek him, though, as yet, it may be very faint and feeble ; he who has put one spark of grace into your heart, will, in his own good time, kindle it to a flame, by the influences of his Holy Spirit ; but you must pray that this may be the case, and anxiously embrace every opportunity of seeing Jesus, and knowing more of him. You are invited, then, to the Sacrament ; there to see Jesus : Jesus comes down in a special manner ; at this time, to bless his waiting people ; to make himself known to them as their Saviour, their Elder Brother, their all in all. Oh ! what rich blessings is he waiting to bestow ; and you, my dear young friend, may partake of them. Christ is now waiting with open arms to receive you, if you will only go to him ; the Holy Spirit is now waiting to come and dwell in your heart, to guide, com-

fort, and bless you ; the angels in heaven are waiting to rejoice over your return to the fold of the heavenly Shepherd. Make haste, then, to accept the Saviour's invitation ; all things are ready for you—pardon, peace, comfort—all you want. Be not you, then, unready ; say not, you are not prepared ; if you are not prepared to receive the Sacrament, you are not prepared to die.

“ Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of *fitness* fondly dream ;
 All the *fitness* Christ requireth
 Is to feel your need of him.
This he'll give you,
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.”

BEING BORN AGAIN.

The Rev. S. H. Ting, of Philadelphia, has a meeting once a month for children, when he endeavours by simple illustrations to impress the saving truths of the Gospel upon their infant minds. On one occasion his subject was, “ Being born again ; ” by which expression he said they must understand having a new life put into them by the Spirit of God. “ If,” said he “ you see the figure of a baby that neither moved hand nor foot, you would say it was dead ; but if it moved both hands and feet readily, you would say it was alive ; then you must remember that to

shew you are alive, you must move both hands and feet." He then proceeded to shew how we may be known to be born again, by saying; "A person was once in a Steam Boat that was going a long voyage: amongst the passengers was a young man that generally sat by himself on a retired part of the deck reading, but towards evening he went to the captain, and said 'captain, we have had a pleasant and safe voyage thus far, don't you think it will be proper for us to return thanks to God for his protection, and to request a continuance of the favour during the night?' The captain replied, 'you may do so if you please;' and accordingly the young man collected as many of the passengers as inclined to meet with him, read a portion of Scripture to them, and offered up prayers. Sometime during the following day this young man laid a few tracts up and down on deck, and after a while the captain picked up one or two; he asked who had put the tracts there, the young man replied he had, when the captain swore; the young man asked the captain if he did not think it would be better to let swearing alone, the captain replied it was no business of his, and at any rate a seamen must swear.

Amongst the crew was one very profligate sailor, who swore dreadfully; this young man took an opportunity of conversing with him, asking him various

questions respecting his travels, and occasionally relating anecdotes to him ; after one or two conversations this young man found that this sailor was a clever man, and also that he thought himself so as a seaman, saying, that he could do any thing that any sailor could do, or ever did do : the young man then asked him if he felt confident of this ; he said he did. Then said the young man, ‘ I once knew a seaman that never swore ; can you do that.’ The sailor was taken by surprise, but at length said, I will try ; and eventually he got the better of this wicked practice.

The vessel was several days on her voyage, and when the young man left her, the captain said, that his readings, and his conversations, and his prayers had through grace given him a new heart ; that he had often had religious people on board before, but he never had seen religion so carried out. Several of the passengers also said that they had been benefited.’ ”

“ Now,” says Mr. Ting, “ this young man was not a minister ; nor was he preparing for the ministry ; he was a common mechanic, but he had been born again, and by these actions he shewed that he was spiritually alive. He moved both hands and feet.”

“REMEMBER THAT THOU KEEP HOLY THE
SABBATH DAY.”

This is the command of the Lord God Almighty, and therefore demands the attention of every young reader, as well as those who are older. The curse of God has often been seen to rest on those who have openly broken it, and there are yet many others who break the holy Sabbath by *trifling*, if not by open sin. Dear young readers, tremble at the thought of thus sinning against the Lord.

A young lady at New York, made one of a party to go out for pleasure on the Lord's day; she mounted her horse, but had not rode long, before she was thrown from it. The mercy of the Lord spared her life at that time, and her conscience was a little alarmed, and she felt she was doing wrong, and then vainly said, that if it were not for disappointing the party, she would return back again. Ah! what a pity that she feared man more than God. It was a dismal resolution indeed: she did not look up to God to keep her from evil, but still went on, she mounted the horse again, was again thrown from it, and was injured so greatly that *she died soon after*.

Surely it is a fearful thing to trifle with the commands of the holy God; he will not be mocked. Oh! if you are a Sabbath-breaker, be so no longer. It may be you also have been preserved from danger, while

thus sinning against the Lord; beware, lest you be found in the way of evil again. The patience and forbearance of God hath its limits, and "he that being often reproved and hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy." Then it will be too late, too late, for you to wish you had regarded the divine command. Be thankful, however, it is not too late now, now to-day, this day, this Sabbath day: oh, improve it well, for it may be *your last*, and if you die without loving the Sabbath and finding it a day of spiritual delight, even if you should keep from openly breaking it, you will be miserable for ever.

Now then, seek the Holy Spirit to change your heart, to take away the love of sin, and to give you the new heart and right spirit, which maketh all things new, will help you to find the Sabbath a delight, the Bible your food, the Saviour your only hope, and heaven your glorious home. Dear, dear young friends, begin then, at once, to love the Sabbath day.

THE SOAP BUBBLE,

Or "*pretty things go out.*"

Ma, ma—see, see—red yellow, green—there, it is gone!" the big tear started from Emma's eye, and she stood motionless a while, holding



in her hand a tube from which had just escaped a soap bubble. "Ma, I knew I could not keep it very long; but it was so beautiful! Say, ma, why does every beautiful thing go out so soon? I saw the rainbow last night, and stopped to see it, and looked, and just while I was looking, it grew pale, and went out. I know God is very good; but I do wish he would let the pretty things be, and take all the naughty things away. Oh if he would just have let me had my rose bush and canary bird, and have taken those ugly poppies, and the turkey that pulls my red frock so, then I know I would love him as well as little Mary Lothrop did."

"But stop, my dear, do you think Mary never lost any thing beautiful? Do you suppose that God was more kind to her than to you? Mary loved God because he was good and holy, and had provided a way in which she might be-

come good and holy ; but you are going to love him if he will spare your pretty toys. Emma, which is real love to God ? I know it sometimes makes us sad to see beautiful things ‘go out,’ as you say, but God knows what is best. Every thing beautiful must fade ; and He takes them from us that we may feel that earth is not our home. Once you had a little brother—a sweet babe ; he had a chubby face, and rich curls on his forehead ; and smiled very sweetly when you called him little Fred-y. But God took him to heaven, where flowers never fade, and there he will live for ever. Your soap bubble was beautiful, but it vanished very soon, and you can never see it again. But little Fred-y did not ‘go out’ like that ; he has just gone to live in heaven ; and if you love God, you will go to heaven and see him again. Your souls can never die ; and there you will live, and live for ever.”

“For ever, ma, what does for ever mean ?”

“It means a long, long time, longer than you can even think of, my dear.”

“Is it as much as two thousand years ?”

“Yes, more years than you could ever count !”

“Oh, ma, if I could get sister Ann to help me, and we should count as quick as we could till bed time, should’t we count them all then ?”

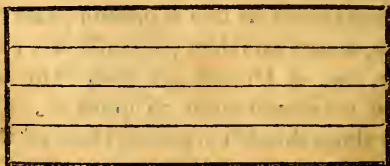
“No, Emma, you would only just have begun.”

“Oh, dear mother, how long for ever is. It

makes my head ache thinking about the end of it; let me lay it on your lap, and then you tell me how I may be good to go and live with little brother. I love to have you tell me about that good place, where nothing ever dies. Do talk a little longer, dearest mother, for I do not like to have your beautiful words 'go out so soon.' "

THE SCHOOL.

About a mile from my house, there is a school of forty children, whom I often teach. I thought, lately, how well it would be if a text of Scripture were hung up every day in the school-room. But how could I get so many different texts to hang up? I might get a large slate, and desire some one to write a text upon it every day, in large letters; but I thought it would be better to procure a spelling-tablet. No doubt, many of my little readers have seen a spelling-tablet. I ordered a carpenter to make one of wood, large enough to contain four rows of letters.



I desired him also to paint nearly 200 letters upon small pieces of wood. There was not to

be an equal number of each letter, for some letters are oftener used than others; for instance, there were to be eight of the letters r, s, t, and h, but only three of small g, and two of small k. I procured a large basket to hold the letters, and twenty little baskets with handles. You shall soon hear the use of the small baskets.

One day I brought the spelling-tablet to the school. I called the twenty youngest children of the school, and gave them each a little basket to hold, and divided all the letters between them. I then began to set the tablet. When I wanted a letter, I called out its name, and each child looked in its basket to see whether it could find the right letter; and if it could, held it up, without saying a word. In this manner, we soon set a little verse of Scripture, and then placed the tablet upon the mantel-piece.

This is the account of the first setting of the tablet. The next day, one of the bigger girls set it. A little bag was given her, in which were a number of little cards, on which short and easy verses had been written. She put her hand in the bag, and pulled out one of the cards, and looked at it while she set the tablet. The little children seemed much amused in holding up their letters. One girl assisted the setter by helping the little ones to look for the letters; and as none of the little ones were allowed to rise from their seats, this girl was use-

ful in bringing the letters to the setter. The children were forbidden to suck or pick their baskets; but they were allowed to touch the letters as much as they pleased.

It is a great pleasure to me, when I enter the school-room, to see the tablet on the mantel-piece, with some beautiful verse upon it. I generally ask the children to repeat it to me.

One day I went in, and saw the following text:

PROV. i. 10.—My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.

“Well, dear children,” I said, at the same time placing a handkerchief for a moment over the tablet, “if you know the verse, stand up.” A great many stood up, and each whom I asked, repeated the verse right. Then I bid them sit down, and continue their work.

Now, dear children, can you tell me what “entice” means? Does it mean to coax a person to do a thing, or to make them do it by force? Some children said, “entice” meant to force a person to do a thing. This, I told them, was a mistake. Entice means to coax.

I once heard of a boy who was found driving the chickens into his father’s house, and being asked what he was doing, he answered, that he was “enticing the chickens.” People laughed at this answer; for he was not enticing them, but driving them. If he had dropped a little

barley near the door, then he would have *enticed* the chickens.

Now, dear children, does Satan *entice* us to do wicked things, or does he drive us?

The children said, that Satan *enticed* us?

That is true; he coaxes us—he promises us pleasures, if we will serve him. Wicked people, who are Satan's children, often do the same. They pretend to be kind, and to wish to make us happy.

What do wicked people entice us to do?

One child answered, “To go to fairs.”

Another said, “One child will ask another to help her to steal, and promise to give her part of the thing she steals.”

I will now tell you, dear children, of one girl who enticed another to break the Sabbath-day.

I knew the girl, and her mother. The mother is now dead. She was a very pious woman, and on Sunday evenings she used to go and read the Bible to her poor neighbours. One Sunday she left her daughter, who was about fourteen, at home alone. She came back in about an hour, and found that her daughter was gone. She was very uneasy. At last, the girl came back. “Where have you been, my child?” said the mother.

“I have been picking strawberries in the wood with Susan Squires.”

The mother was grieved to hear this.

“How could you consent to go and break the Sabbath-day?”

“Susan Squires begged me so much to go, and told me there was no harm in it.”

The good mother then shewed her daughter how wrong she had behaved, in disobeying her, and in disobeying God. The girl was convinced of her sin, and from that time began to love being with her mother alone, better than with any of her young companions in the village.

This girl (whom we will call Esther) did not know, then, how soon she should lose this dear mother. In two or three years, her mother became too weak to walk, and she led her about on an ass. At last, her mother took to her bed, and kept it a month. As she lay dying, and with her senses half gone, she thought she heard some noises in the road. She called out, in alarm, “Is Esther there?” “No, mother, I am here, by your bed-side,” said Esther. “Ah!” said the dear woman, “I thought it was my Esther’s laugh I heard.” This mother was so much afraid, lest her daughter should keep bad companions. I am glad to say that she does not. She still lives with her father; and prefers being alone, to keeping the company of silly girls, that love fine dress and fairs, and care not for God.

Another day I went into the School-room and saw this verse on the tablet.

JOHN x. 11.—The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

All the children knew that Jesus was the good shepherd, and that we are his sheep. I asked them what animal longed to eat sheep; they said, “a wolf,” and they knew that a wolf was like Satan.

I asked them “if you were keeping sheep and a wolf came, what would you do?” They said, “run away.” I told them it would be right of them to run away, but that a mother would not run away from her children, and that Jesus loved us as much as if we were children.

I have heard a dreadful story of a mother who did not love her children. She lived in a country called Hungary, where there are wolves. She had three little children with her, when some wolves came out of a wood. She tried to run away, and to carry her children with her, but seeing the wolves would soon overtake her, she threw down one of the children to the wolves. The fierce beasts continued to run after her, she threw another child to them, and at last the baby, and so escaped to her own home. A man was standing by, and had seen her unnatural conduct, and was so enraged (that being a wicked man himself,) he knocked her upon the head with a spade he held in his hand, and dashed out her brains, saying she was not fit to live.

O what a horrible story! How unlike this woman was to our blessed Saviour!

I will now tell you a history of a woman just the contrary of this mother. She was a young lady. One day she was walking alone in a retired street in London; presently she saw a mad dog running down the middle of the street, she was on one side and had no reason to be afraid. In a moment she saw a poor little child not knowing its danger, putting itself exactly in the way of the mad dog. Could she leave it to be bitten? No, she rushed into the middle of the street, and caught up the child just as the mad dog was near it. Alas! the dog bit her heel.

The lady  brave as she was compassionate. She went immediately to a surgeon, and asked him to cut out the place, and she never felt any harm from the bite.

Do you not, dear children, love that generous lady? I know you do. She was like our blessed Saviour. We were like that poor little child. Do you not think that if you had been that little child you would have loved the lady? Do you love the Saviour who died for you? He might have left you to go to hell with Satan, but he was too kind. Have you ever thanked God for his wonderful kindness, in suffering so much to save you? I hope you will thank him with all your heart. Do not you wish to see him in heaven, and to thank him there yourself? Then you will see the very marks on his hands and feet, of the wounds he received for your sake.



DR. WHITTINGTON

In the reign of Henry VII., Dr. Whittington, a bishop's chancellor, having condemned a pious woman to the flames, at Chipping Sodbury, went to that town to witness the manner in which she set her seal to the truth of the Gospel. On his return from that affecting scene, a furious bull passed through the crowd, gored the chancellor, and suddenly inflicted death on him, in a most awful manner. No other person in the crowd suffered any injury.

AFFECTING ACCIDENTS.

October 5th, 1837.

"Please, ma'am, call in next door as you go away; (said a poor cripple to me,) it is my sister-in-law's, and her only child has been run over and killed on the spot."

"When?"

"This morning, not two hours since."

I strongly felt inclined to pass by and call another day, when the first violent effects of grief were over, but the poor man would not hear of it; with a faint heart I opened the door, and found the poor mother had, with fond affection, laid out and dressed the little one; all was neat and in order, we needed no introduction, for her tears brought mine, and as she kissed the still warm cheek of her infant, conscience spoke, "we made her our *idol*, we loved her too well, but the Lord has taken her to himself."

She then told me how it had happened. The child, eighteen months old, saw her father cross the road, and ran after him; a cart came down the hill with the driver *walking behind it*, and the wheel went over the child who was killed on the spot.

It was pleasing to find she saw and knew by whom "the rod was sent." As sobs made it painful for her to speak, I took my leave, promising to call in a few days, which I did, and found the poor mother at her needlework, quiet and more composed than could have been expected. She said she had suffered severely, particularly at the last parting, (as she called the funeral,) but she believed it would be for good, for her husband was more changed by this affliction than by all her talking to him. When he picked up his child, something came across him that it was for his sins in having staid away from church, and neglected God, and that it should be so no more. Hitherto he has kept his word. She had always, (she said,) prayed that God would keep her from evil, and make her one of his children; but I little thought how soon he would take her to himself, (and evidently it was the firm belief that her child was in a better place, that gave her resignation to the afflicting Providence. "I do believe, (she added,) it will be better for both of us, my hus-

band has been long out of work, and things have gone on badly, and we now see the cause of it. Before I married, I was very different, for I had pious parents, and was accustomed to read God's word, and go regularly to the house of God. Since we had our dear child, on account of the distance and one excuse and another, we staid away; but I hope, by the mercy of God, it will indeed be different with us, for the time to come.

October 12th, 1837.

Visiting a friend lately at C—— this morning, a lady came in greatly agitated, having just witnessed the fatal effects of disobedience, the more distressing to her, as the child's mother, a widow lady, was her particular friend, whose husband had died suddenly about two years previous, having left his house in good health, and was brought home dead, the shock of which had so completely overcome her, that she was sent to C—— for her health; and now one of her beloved children had, by an awful act of disobedience, met his death, and instead of being the support and comfort of his widowed mother, has added bitter grief to her already broken heart.

She had two sons, 12 and 13 years of age. After their studies they were allowed to play in the adjoining square; in which is a tree, which overlooks the river. They were constantly climbing this tree to watch the steam vessels come up the river; their mother dreading danger, had frequently forbid them to climb *the tree*; that very morning she had warned them not to climb the tree. Her friend was coming through the square, when the child disregarding his mother's commands, had climbed the forbidden

tree, the bough broke, and he fell at her feet on the pavement. The injuries he received were so severe, that he died the next day.

THE THREE HOUSES,

Mentioned by Legh Richmond.

There is "a house" on earth,
 A temple to the Lord,
 Where those of heavenly birth
 Oft pray, and hear his word :
 But all who worship there
 Offer not hallow'd prayer !

The worldling enters in,
 And kneels as others kneel ;
 But vanity and sin
 Combine his heart to steel,
 And nullify the prayer
 He seems to utter there !

Another "house" we see,
 Where sorrow is unknown—
 From noise and tumult free :
 'Tis dark, and deep, and lone—
 Thence breaks no sound of pray'r ;
 The dead are sleeping there !

There is "a house" above,
 A house "not made with hands"—
 Its atmosphere is love—
 Bas'd on "a rock" it stands ;
 But they who worship there,
 Breathe praise, instead of prayer !

A. Foster, Printer, Kirkby Lonsdale.



THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 174.

JUNE, 1838.

VOL. 15.

ELIJAH.

The history of Elijah is very instructive. He had great trials; but he had great strength given him from heaven. In times of trouble, God has always a place of refuge for his children. They have only to trust in him, and he can always find ways and means to provide for them. If there is a famine in the land—if bread fails, and hunger stares men in the face—God can send even the ravens to Elijah, with meat in their beaks, restraining

JUNE.

F

their natural impulse, and keeping them from eating it themselves. Thus shewing, that man does not live by bread alone—that is, by plentiful and sure supplies on hand—but by the word of *promise*, which God has given to his children. And wherever there is a promise given, there will be found a way to perform it.

And if God removes one source of supplies, and provides another, it is only that we may learn to sit loose to the means, and see the hand of God in every thing. If Elijah leaves the brook and the ravens, he is sent to a widow woman, and there finds the barrel of meal and cruise of oil, which God, by a miracle, increases for her supply and his. But oh! what a house of mourning that becomes! The poor widow had one only child, the comfort and support of her widowhood, a little boy, and he dies. Well, what is now to be done? It would seem as if Elijah had come to be a messenger of fury, rather than of mercy. Ah! what slender props are our children? They are only lent blessings. God can recall them when he pleases. They must die, and often *do* die before their parents. How children should learn to be *prepared* to die!

“A flower may fade before 't is noon,
And I *this day* may lose my breath.”

But mark !

“ God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.”

Elijah is made the means of restoring the child to life again. And oh ! how doubly dear would the child be to the widow, when she had once lost him, and had got him back again from the gates of death. And thus, so far from being hurt, she was only made more sensible of the blessing of her dear little boy. And thus the infinitely wise God brings good out of evil.

Now, one would have thought that all God's dealings with Elijah would have kept him from ever feeling one murmuring or distrustful thought. But what are the best of men in themselves? Will they not often shew the greatest weakness, where they before seemed to be the strongest? One would have thought that Elijah would never have a fear ; but be bold as a lion. But no ; Jezebel threatens. Elijah is terrified. He flees, like a coward, into the wilderness, and there he sits down under a juniper tree ; and, in a petted, haughty temper, prays that he may die. Oh ! poor Elijah ! Is God less wise, or strong, or faithful ? If ravens fed thee before, cannot angels now encamp around thee and shield thee ? Can Jezebel do more against thee than famine ? Poor Elijah ! And yet, with

Elijah's case before me, to caution me, shall I not run into his very snare, if left to myself? O Lord! through life uphold my goings in thy way, or my footsteps will be sure to slip into some by-path of error and folly.

W.

A NEW HEART.

I once knew a little girl, whose mamma told her, one day, that her heart must be washed before she could go to heaven. This little girl ran to her nurse, and said, "Dear nurse, will you wash my heart for me, if you please?" So the nurse said, "What do you mean, my dear?" "Why, nurse," replied the little child, "mamma says my heart must be washed before I can go to heaven, and therefore I wanted you to wash it, because I should like to go and live with God when I die." The nurse was amused with the simplicity of the little child, and said, "Your heart must be washed, my dear, but the water with which I wash your hands and face cannot make your heart clean: your heart must be washed with the blood of Jesus. His blood will not only cleanse your heart, and purify it from all sin and naughtiness, but it will make it soft, and then you will love God. The little heart with which you were born can never love God; and you

know, unless you love God, he will never take you to live with him in heaven. Now, if your heart is washed with the blood of Jesus Christ, it will love God, and hate every thing that would displease him. I can take your hands and put them in a basin, and wash them; but I cannot do so with your heart. God must take that, and put it in a fountain filled with the blood of Christ, and then it will be made into a new heart. Do you know, my dear, when this fountain was filled with blood? It was when Jesus Christ left heaven, and came down upon earth, and died upon a cross of wood: and when he was hanging there, all the blood came out of his head; for wicked men put upon him a crown of thorns, and it made his head bleed: and the blood came out of his hands and feet; for they put great nails into his hands and feet, which made them bleed very much. And all this blood Jesus Christ shed, that your little heart might be made clean, if you would come to God, and say, 'O God, create within me a clean heart.' Was not this very kind of Jesus, to die, and shed his blood, that you might have a new heart, and go to heaven? Do you not love Jesus? Jesus loves you, and he wishes you to be his little child. If you are his child, he will give you a new heart. When Jesus was on earth, some mothers brought some little children for

Jesus to bless, and some men, who were standing by, told them not to trouble Jesus with their children; but Jesus said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.' So you see, my dear, that Jesus would have you as his little child, if you would come to him. Will you pray to him for a new heart? If you do, Jesus will take out of you your naughty little heart, and will give you a new one." Then the little girl kissed her nurse, and thanked her for having explained to her what the washing of the heart meant, and told her that she would pray to Jesus a great deal, that her heart might be washed by him.

B.

LEGH RICHMOND'S MOTHER.

My mother had six children, three of whom died in infancy. A very affecting circumstance accompanied the death of one of them, and was a severe trial to her maternal feelings. Her then youngest child, a sweet little boy, just two years old, was, through the carelessness of his nurse, thrown from a bed room window upon the pavement beneath. I was at that time six years of age, and happened to be walking on the very spot, when the distressing event occurred; I was, therefore, the first to take up, and deliver into our agonized mother's arms, the poor

little sufferer. The head was fractured, and he only survived the fall about thirty hours. I preserve still a very distinct and lively remembrance of the struggle between the natural feelings of the mother, and the spiritual resignation of the Christian. She passed the sad interval of suspense in almost continued prayer, and found God a present help in time of trouble. Frequently, during that day, did she retire with me; and, as I knelt beside her, she uttered the feelings and desires of her heart to God. I remember her saying, "If I cease praying for five minutes, I am ready to sink under this unlooked-for distress; but when I pray, God comforts and upholds me: his will, not mine, be done." Once she said, "Help me to pray, my child: Christ suffers little children to come to him, and forbids them not,—say something." "What shall I say, mamma?—shall I fetch a book?" "Not now," she replied; "speak from your heart; and ask God that we may be reconciled to his will, and bear this trial with patience."

The day after the infant's death, she took me to the bed on which my little brother lay; and kneeling down, she wept for a few minutes in silence; and then taking his cold hand in one of hers, and mine in the other, she said, "Lord, if it had not been thy good pleasure, it had not been thus. Thy will be done!"

I needed this heavy trial, to shew me more of myself, and to wean me from the world. Forgive my sins, O God! and let me not murmur." Then looking at the cherub countenance of her babe, she added, "Thou art not lost, but gone before!" She then put his hand into mine, and said, "If you live, my child, never forget this; and may I one day meet you both in heaven!"

I have dwelt upon this part of my dear parent's history with the more minuteness, because she has frequently told me, that it was not only the greatest shock which her feelings were ever called upon to sustain; but that she was persuaded it was overruled by God for the most salutary purpose, as it concerned the spiritual discipline of her own heart. To the end of her life, she wore a little locket attached to her watch; it contained a lock of her poor little Henry's hair; and she often looked at it, and spoke of it, as a remembrance of God's goodness to her at a most trying season.

SHEEP-COTES.

1 CHRONICLES xvii. 7.

Those poor villagers who have no large flocks to send out to the wilderness pastures, with a proper appointment of shep-

herds, but possess a few sheep and cattle, which feed during the day in the neighbouring commons, under the care of children or women, and who cannot provide the necessary watch and protection for them at night,—drive them home, and either fold them in a common enclosure, in or near the village, or pen them separately, near their own dwellings. Pens or cotes of this class serve also for the lambs and calves, while too young to be kept out with the flocks, or to be trusted into a common enclosure. Our



woodcut represents a village with such pens or cotes near the dwellings, which are merely huts, made of mats on a frame-work of palm branches; which we conceive to answer well to the “tabernacles” (booths), “shepherds’ cottages,” and other humbler habitations, noticed in

Scripture. This village is of a class belonging to a people (Arabs) who, like the Israelites, have relinquished the migratory life; but who still give their principal attention to pasturage, and do some little matters in the way of culture. We imagine that the villages of the Hebrews, when they first began to settle in Palestine, were of a very similar description.

EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF SIR
FRANCIS DRAKE.

In the course of this great commander's voyage of discovery, he being the first person who sailed round the earth, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, he touched at a dreary, barren land, in the North Pacific, inhabited by savages. It was absolutely necessary that the crew should land, in order to stop a leak the ship had sprung at sea. Experience had taught Drake not to depend on the peace-offerings of savages, such as one of these natives brought them in his canoe; namely, a crown of black feathers and a basket made of rushes, filled with herbs. He caused, therefore, a fortification of stones to be raised on the shore, and within this pitched the tents to accommodate his people. The work thus speedily accomplished, to a nation so wild and ignorant as the poor savages in the common arts of life, seemed little less than miraculous; and they now came down in crowds to worship

the admiral and his men, as if they had been gods. Drake, however, had too deep a sense of what was due to God, to countenance this error. He made them comprehend, by signs and gestures, that he would not receive their worship. The savages, however, could not so easily be prevailed with to consider the wonderful strangers as men of earthly mould like themselves. Gratefully accepting some presents the admiral made them, they retired to some distance from the tents, where they set up their voices in loud and doleful shoutings; whilst the women, with frantic gestures, commenced those fearful rites so common to idolatrous nations, tearing their bodies and their cheeks till the blood ran down them, or dashing themselves against the rocks and stones, in homage to the gods before their eyes.

Drake, shocked at such inhumanities, which he had no power wholly to prevent, commanded his own men to kneel down on the spot; there with eyes and hands upraised, he caused them to pray aloud to the true God, in the hope that these poor savages might be convinced, by the humility of the action, that there was a Power to be worshipped high above the heavens, and that they should not, therefore, bow down to creatures who moved but on the earth.

After this, Drake opened his Bible, read some chapters aloud to the crew, and, closing the book, desired them to join with him in singing

a psalm. This scene, touching in itself, greatly charmed the savages, and inspired the whole crew with feelings of the deepest reverence. Nor can we now reflect upon it without sharing their delight. The hardy seamen, who had spirits so bold to meet danger, to combat their enemies with undaunted courage, whom neither perils by land nor sea could move, thus humbly acknowledging their entire dependence on God, and singing His praises, was a spectacle calculated to affect all who were present; and no doubt, with a merciful God, the sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving, so heartily offered, was not made in vain.

GENEROUS COURAGE.

Some time since, when the immense fall of snow we had here began to melt, and when the rush of water down our local rivers was very great, a boy of nine years of age fell into the Stour, (a stream running through Canterbury) near to King's Bridge, he floated down the river, passing over the flood-gates of Abbott's Mill, where his head was cut, into the depth below, and then became insensible. In that state I saw him. He then floated through the New Bridge; and although there was a general cry of, "a boy in the water," from nearly fifty spectators, no one offered the poor child any assistance, until a young man of the name of

Callow, who at the time was suffering from cold and great hoarseness, got on the parapet of the bridge, jumped down, ran along a garden by the side of the river, and fearlessly plunged in, notwithstanding the impetuosity of the current, and succeeded in seizing and raising the boy, whom he let fall, he being exhausted ; but recovering, he again raised him, and bore him to the opposite bank, where I took charge of him, his kind friend having gone home to get into a warm bed. The boy was sent home, and is well. I had requested an acquaintance of Callow to beg he would call on me in the evening, and he then told me he had saved two from drowning, and had been instrumental in saving two more. I got him with some difficulty to accept a sovereign, which I afterwards understood he gave to the boy's poor parents. The poor in Canterbury made a subscription, raised nearly six pounds as a present for him.

The name of the boy saved is George Lacey. Although the depth of the river did not exceed five feet, yet the current ran, as a sailor would describe it, at ten knots an hour. You may form some opinion of it, when I state that within five miles of where the boy was rescued by that noble fellow, Callow, three bridges were washed away, and are not rebuilt.

SCHOOLS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

At the examination of the girls' school which Brother Nauhaus held on the 29th of April, I was greatly interested to see how much the children had learned. Out of 121 children, 96 could read in the Bible; most of them could repeat the catechism; and they had made considerable progress in writing and ciphering. Brother Schopman also instructs them in geography, and the replies they gave showed that they had made satisfactory improvement in this branch also. Upon the whole, it is not too much to say, that the state of this school is very cheering; sixteen of the eldest girls have been placed out in situations.

May 19th, I held the examination of our infant-school, beginning with Bible History, in which they answered very correctly. There are twelve children in the reading class, some of whom read with much propriety and feeling.

Our Hottentot assistant, Ezekiel Pfeiffer, next examined his pupils in natural history, ciphering, and spelling; and, though somewhat daunted on this, his first appearance on such an occasion, he acquitted himself in a very creditable manner, as did his little charge.

Thirty-six children were advanced into the upper schools, notwithstanding which promotion, there remain one hundred and seventeen in the infant-school.



SHIPWRECK.

On Monday, Dec. 26th, the schooner *Crown*, Captain Carthra, from Rotterdam to Dundee, with a cargo of cheese, flax, and seed, was wrecked on the Godwin Sands. The crew were observed, during the two succeeding days, clinging to the rigging; but, from the tempestuous state of the weather, all attempts to reach them were fruitless, until Thursday the 29th, when the boat again left the shore, at three, A. M., and, at the imminent peril of their own lives, the men at length effected a landing on the Godwin.

They succeeded in rescuing the four sufferers, who remained on the wreck; one of the crew having died from cold and exhaustion, on the previous evening. The watermen were com-

pelled to carry them a mile, across the sand, from the vessel to their boat.

Among their number I would especially notice the veteran, George Philpott, who has, during his long and useful life, saved considerably more than a hundred men and women from the most appalling death.

AFFECTING ACCIDENT.

Sunday, Nov. 12th, 1837.

Calling over the names of the Sunday school teachers at —, one was absent. I was told that he had had one of his children killed by one of the elder boys, and could not come. After service, I hastened to know if this was true, and found it literally so; yet, here again, in the midst of deep affliction, the blessed effects of true religion were visible. No mad grief; no threats of vengeance against the murderer (for such, indeed, he was): resignation to the Divine will, and an earnest desire that the Lord would overrule the sad event for good, was the prevailing desire of the afflicted parents—especially were they anxious for him who, in inexcusable brutality, had so wantonly killed their child.

The little boy was five years old. When the daily school broke up, he liked to run with the other children into a field to play marbles; his mother fearing evil, from the unruly conduct of the elder children, had always ordered him to come home, *and NOT to go into the field.*

He went. It was the habit of one boy to come and take by force the marbles of the younger ones. Little Barber held his marble tight, refusing to give it up: he was knocked

down, and so brutally kicked, that the print of the foot was left on the child's stomach. The bowels were ruptured, and the child died. A jury sat; it was proved the child was in perfect health; but was killed by the blows received. The boy, though strongly suspected, and of known bad character, escaped even salutary punishment, on account of the child being too young to have his evidence taken, and the print on the stomach being shorter than the accused boy's foot. Though acquitted by man, there is a "judgment seat" he cannot escape; for innocent blood has been shed; and, like Abel's, its voice has reached to heaven. May the crime be brought home with power to the heart of the guilty one, by the quickening influence of "God the Holy Ghost," that he may be led to seek for pardon through the "Lamb of God," before the day of grace is passed, and the day of vengeance comes.

We grant there was no previous intention of taking the child's life; but there was a guilty determination to rob the little ones, by force, of their property.

HAPPY DEATHS OF TWO PIOUS INDIAN YOUTHS.

July 4th, 1835. I rode up to attend the funeral of one of our scholars, who had died full of hope in the Lord. This boy, when at school, shewed no particular marks of piety, though free from any vicious habits; but when he was taken from play and school, the religious knowledge which he had acquired began to work in his affliction. He offered up the prayer of true penitence through the merits of Him who is all-prevailing in heaven. He was heard. The love of the world and the fear of death were

taken away, and his soul was permitted to rest in hope, and wait his end with the calmness of Jacob, saying, "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord."

Often, while confined through sickness, he would make his brothers and sisters stand around him, and would exhort them not to be so careless about their souls as he had been when he was in health, but to hearken diligently to what they were taught in the school and in church, to pray earnestly for the blessing of God upon them to make them wise and good.

When he saw his father and mother shedding tears at the thought of his death, he would say, "Do not weep for me: fear God, love him, do as his word directs you, and we shall soon meet again in a better place, where there is no death, no parting."

The day before he died, he divided the little property which his father's indulgence to him had allowed to be called by his name, amongst his brothers and sisters, and said to them, "I am now going to leave you; I shall soon be with my Father in heaven."

July 9th. In the evening, attended a funeral. Upon my return, entered my room to write down the name and age of the deceased. The servant girl came in, and told me that Colon, my servant boy, was calling for me. Not thinking that I was wanted immediately, I took the pen and entered the name, and instantly proceeded to the room where Colon lay. In the yard, the same girl met me, and said, "Colon is dead." "Impossible," I said, and walked on. But, alas! I found it too true. Colon's health had been rather precarious in the spring, which led me to bring him home from the place where he was learning to be a miller. His health had been promising for

about three weeks before the influenza made its appearance, he was one of the first seized by it, and in a few days was brought so low as to be unable to walk; however, by the blessing of God upon good nursing, he was for six days able to walk out, and to day I had begun to have great hopes of his recovery. "But man in his best estate is altogether vanity," as the lot of Colon fully proves: in the morning and at noon he has the prospect of a speedy recovery, and of entering again on the business of life; in the evening he is wrapped in his winding sheet.

This youth, though snatched from us suddenly, we have strong reason to believe died in the favour of God. In the time of his affliction, he prayed earnestly to God for mercy, not only for himself, but for his parents also. One night, when the concerns of his own soul, and the condition of his parents were pressing heavily upon his mind, he sent for me to write to his parents concerning their souls. Our conversation was as follows: "Colon," said I, "what is distressing you?" He replied, "I am thinking about my poor parents. They have never heard that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; what will become of them, if they never hear of Jesus Christ? no one will ever go to them to preach the gospel. Oh! write to them, and tell them that Christ came to save sinners, and that he will save them from everlasting punishment if they believe on him." I replied, "Write yourself; they know you better than me. If I write, they will say that it is I that speak to them, and not you." "I cannot write," he said; "see how my hand shakes." "Why did you not write when you were in good health, and tell them about the love of God, and the mercy and grace of Christ?" He replied, "I did not

then think of the value of my own soul : it is only since I began to feel myself to be a miserable sinner, and to pray in earnest for mercy, that I have grown anxious about them. When I saw the wickedness of my own heart, and felt that there was no hope for mercy but through Christ, then the miserable condition of my parents came to my mind. What shall become of my parents, if they never hear of Christ ? how shall they escape the everlasting burnings without the mercy of Christ ?" Prayer for them seemed to be the only point of consolation. His mind being impressed with the necessity of repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus, as the only way in which the pardon of sin could be obtained, he prayed frequently and earnestly, and desired us to pray for him, that God would remember him in mercy.

Colon Leslie was an Esquimaux. He was sent from Churchill to the school of the Church Missionary Society, where he learned reading, writing, and arithmetic. He was also taught the art of husbandry ; and when we got a carpenter, he was employed with him. Finding him ingenious, I sent him last winter to learn to grind corn, and to repair a grist mill, in hopes that if the Indian settlement should raise as much grain as to require a mill to grind it, and if I should be able to get one built, I might have him ready to act both as a millwright and miller. But God's ways are not as ours ; he will perform his work with means of his own choosing ; and may he give us grace to say to him from our hearts, "Thy will be done."

MISSIONARY ANECDOTE.

Mrs. Thwaites, in the Island of Antigua, gave a girl who attended her Sunday school a Bible. Nancy, this was her name, took the Bible to the estate to which she belonged, and

when she fell sick, this Bible was her constant companion. She got well and returned to her work, but still kept the Bible near her. One day the overseer asked her what she had got there, and when she shewed it him, he admired the binding, asked where she got it, and whether she would sell it to him. "No, sir," she replied, "if you will give me my freedom for it you shall not have it." The negro girl well knew the value of freedom, but rejected what was most valuable to her heart for her Bible.

Some time after, before the emancipation took place, several persons placed a sum of money in Mrs. Thwaites' hands, to purchase the freedom of a slave, here and there, from the most deserving, as she thought fit, and the lot fell upon Nancy ! Thus God dealt with her as with Solomon; for he rejected the good things of this life, to obtain wisdom from God, and this poor negro girl preferred her Bible even to her freedom. Thus realizing our blessed Lord's promise: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Matt. vi. 33. Nancy is now one of the infant school teachers, and a better instance of the good effects of the possession of a Bible could not be found, for she is indeed a blameless person.

Report of Bible Society, for 1837.

THE DYING YOUTH.

Boy.

Dear mother ! talk to me of God !

His mercy, justice, truth, and love—

The terrors of his chast'ning rod—

His grace, all other gifts above.

My soul is sick of earthly leaven !

Dear mother, talk to me of heaven !

Mother.

I scarce need tell, my gentle boy,
 How Adam from allegiance fell,
 And rashly barter'd peace and joy
 For guilty knowledge—death and hell;
 And how his children thus became
 The heirs of sin, and death, and shame.

B.—No, mother, no ! 'Twere vain to tell
 The desolation sin hath wrought.
 Alas ! I know—I feel it well—
 In every action, word, and thought.
 Though weak in faith, and young in years,
 That lesson I have learn'd in tears.

M.—Such tears, my sweet one, God approves :
 They never shall be shed in vain.
 The tear of penitence He loves ;
 And, for the sake of Jesus slain,
 The contrite heart and broken spirit
 A crown immortal shall inherit.

B.—But, mother, though full oft I've read
 Those cheering words of love divine :
 Though daily I have bow'd my head
 In prayer before God's holy shrine ;
 Rebellious thoughts are busy still—
 I cannot tame my wayward will.

M.—Dear boy, whilst wandering here below,
 A pilgrim in this land of care,
 The Christian's is a path of woe,
 Begirt with many a hidden snare.
 But fear not !—faith shall shield thy heart
 From subtle Satan's keenest dart.

B.—I hear my brother's mirthful laugh ;
 My sister's bounding step I see ;
 And, oh ! I long with them to quaff
 The mountain breezes wild and free.
 I gaze—till tears gush from my eyes,
 And murmur'ing thoughts unbidden rise.

M.—Dry, dry those tears, my darling child,
 And check those thoughts that war within.
 Think on the Pure and Undeild,
 A wand'rer in this world of sin :
 His life of anguish, bitter cross ;—
 And count all earthly joy but loss.

B.—But, mother, 'tis a weary thing
 To press the couch from day to day !—
 To feel, while yet in life's young spring,
 Strength, hopes, and energies decay :—
 To know twelve summers scarcely pass'd
 That this must be the last—the last !

M.—The last on earth, my darling boy ;
 But raise thy drooping soul above,
 And claim, through Christ, the promis'd joy
 He purchas'd with redeeming love.
 Then, errors, frailties, sins forgiven—
 Though last on earth, thy first in heaven !

B.—Thanks, mother, thanks !—'Tis pass'd away,
 The hour of darkness ; and I feel
 New hopes around my bosom play,
 And bliss o'er all my senses steal.
 My Saviour's arm is round me cast—
 The bitterness of death is pass'd.

I see it now !—Had health been mine,
 My untam'd spirit had not sought
 Acceptance at God's holy shrine,
 The pardon by my Saviour bought.
 Then let me kiss the chast'ning rod
 That brought my wand'ring heart to God.

Kiss, kiss my brow, my mother dear,
 And kneel beside thy dying son :—
 Nay, weep not o'er my earthly bier,
 But say with me, " Thy will be done."
 Hark !—Heard ye that seraphic hymn ?
 See there ;—'tis gone !—my eyes wax dim.

A moment o'er his pallid cheek
 The hectic flush of fever passed :
 His bright eye beam'd—he strove to speak—
 In vain ! That effort was his last.
 He sank upon his mother's breast,
 Calm as an infant sinks to rest.

M. A. B.

 HYMN.

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need thy tenderest care :
 From thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use thy folds prepare.
 Blessed Jesus !
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

We are thine, do thou befriend us,
 Be the guardian of our way ;
 Keep from ill, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.
 Blessed Jesus !
 Hear young children when they pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be ;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse and power to free.
 Blessed Jesus !
 Early let us turn to thee.

Early let us seek thy favour,
 Early let us do thy will :
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With thyself our bosoms fill.
 Thou hast lov'd us.
 Blessed Jesus, love us still.

LYTE.

A. Foster, Printer, Kirkby Lonsdale.



THE
[CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 175.

JULY, 1833.

VOL. 15.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

Belshazzar was a wicked king of Babylon. One day he made a great feast, and while he was engaged in his wicked revels, a strange thing happened. A man's hand was seen moving on the wall. It formed letters and words. The king was greatly frightened, and could not rest till the meaning was made out. Daniel was sent for to explain the meaning. He feared not to go. He feared not boldly to reprove the haughty, wicked king. And then he declared that this was the meaning: "God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting. Thy kingdom is

JULY.

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divided and given to the Medes and Persians." Well might Belshazzar's heart die within him.

But let us turn from the wretched king of Babylon to ourselves. If God should weigh us in the balances of the sanctuary, shall we not be found wanting? We may not move on high ground like this king of Babylon, and we may not be guilty of his excesses, but is there not much wanting in all of us? Much in our repentance, much in our hatred and abhorrence of sin, much in our faith and love, and every Christian grace! Yes, though we have far greater privileges and advantages than poor Belshazzar! Oh! let us consider our ways, and pray that God will perfect that which is lacking in us; and let us learn to be more and more thankful for that blessed Saviour in whom true believers are "complete." w.

THE LONDON CITY MISSION.

Were you ever at Exeter Hall?

Perhaps some of my young readers reply, "we never heard of it, and we do not know what sort of a building it is, or of what use it is."

If you never heard of it, I can easily describe what sort of a place it is; but I shall ask you to guess of what use it is. Exeter Hall is an immense room; it is, I believe, the largest room in London. Now of

what use is this room? Can you guess? Is it a room for dining? No. Is it a room for dancing? No, it is not used in the service of the God of this world. O then it must be a room for worshipping God. No. It is neither used as a Church nor a Chapel.

This is the chief purpose for which it was built:

When people have formed plans for doing good, they often wish others to join with them; and they want a room in which to meet, and to explain publicly their intentions.

This is the use of Exeter Hall. Is it not a noble, and a holy use? Jesus went about doing good when he was on earth, and he has commanded us to walk in his steps.

In the month of May a great number of people assemble in London. During that month Exeter Hall is filled once or twice a-day. I went in one of these days.

The plan considered on that day was a very interesting one; it was how to save the people of London, who are perishing in ignorance and sin. It is, alas! too true, that thousands of the inhabitants of that great city are living without hope and without God in the world. Though there are hundreds of Churches and Chapels, yet there are multitudes of people who never attend a place of worship. If they will not come to hear the word,

then the word must be brought to them. But there are not ministers enough in London to visit so great a number of people.

What can be done? Since good men formed this plan, they appointed some pious poor men to go about the courts and alleys of London, to teach the ignorant and miserable inhabitants. It was to hear about this plan that the people were assembled in Exeter Hall, on the day I went. The room was very full. At the upper end there was a platform, on which the speakers sat, and many others with them. A minister standing on the platform began the meeting with a prayer for God's blessing. Afterwards the Report was read. It contained an account of what had been done during the last year, by the London city Mission. Much good had been done, souls had been converted, and sick and dying persons had been comforted. But there was one circumstance unpleasant to hear. Last year there had been sixty Missionaries employed in London, but for want of money to pay so many, there were now only fifty. These pious men had endured great afflictions in preaching the Gospel, they had visited places where diseases raged, and three of them had caught the typhus fever, and two had caught the small pox. They had all recovered, but one of them had lost his child, by the small pox, that

it had caught of him. No doubt this Missionary remembers that God gave up his Son to die for him, and therefore, he willingly submitted to lose his beloved one for God's sake.

Nine speakers rose one after another, and addressed the vast assembly. Among the rest, Mr. Baptist Noel, a Clergyman, in London, spoke. He related an interesting anecdote, which I will repeat to you, as correctly as I can remember it, though not in Mr. Noel's exact words.

He said, "I have just met with an instance of the great good done by the London city Mission. Some years ago, I examined a young girl, to see whether she was fit to be recommended to the Bishop to be confirmed, that is, to promise that she would, by God's grace, serve her Redeemer, during the remainder of her life. She appeared to me to be pious, and she was confirmed. Shortly afterwards, this girl went to service. Meanwhile her father fell ill, and died, and her mother was reduced to great distress. The poor girl was obliged through illness, to leave her place, and return to her widowed mother. She found her dwelling in a garret, almost destitute of furniture.

The poor girl suffered much from want, and when she recovered from her illness, knew not how to obtain another place. It happened that she had a beautiful voice

in singing. A neighbour once overheard her singing, and told her that she might gain much money by singing in public houses. The girl was tempted to consent to engage in this sinful employment, and to amuse wicked men in their sinful revels.

At last a day was fixed for her benefit, that is, instead of being paid by the master of the public house, she was to receive some money from each person who came to hear her sing, and by this means she would get more money than usual. Cards were distributed, announcing the day and place of the benefit, and advertizing tickets of admission at sixpence a-piece. A short time before the day arrived, a city Missionary visited the miserable garret of the singing girl, and left a tract. This tract was read by the poor wanderer. It revived the remembrance of the early lessons of piety she had received. When the Missionary called again, she told him her case, and said, 'I cannot sing again.' Her situation is now known to others, who will relieve, and protect her. She has been snatched from great danger, to her soul. She is still a modest girl; but had she continued her course of life, she must have grown worse and worse."

This anecdote interested the assembly very much, they rejoiced to think that the poor girl had been rescued from sinful ways, and that her voice would no

more be employed in the service of Satan, but would unite with angels in singing the praises of God.

There was another speaker who interested the meeting very much.

He was a citizen, named Williams. He said he had not had much education, and therefore could only teach people by little bits; but such little bits as he knew he loved to declare to poor sinners. He said that he had seen a man in prison that morning, who was so miserable, that he had said, "O! that I could die." If this man, Mr. Williams said, had been visited by a Missionary a week ago, he would probably not now be in such misery. He had agreed with a person to whom he was much attached, to make a cup of poison, and to drink it up. The dreadful plan had been executed, and his companion had died in consequence. He himself still lived, but with a fearful load of guilt on his conscience. The man had declared, that if any person had visited him before he had drunk the poison, and had spoken to him of eternal death, he should not have dared to commit the crime. Some ladies, said Mr. Williams, used to go and read to some poor people, in a crowded part of London, and they told me that a drunken man often came and alarmed them by his conduct. I consented to go with them, and I read to the people. Presently the enemy came in, I went up

to him, and spoke kindly, for nothing but kindness will melt a sinner's heart. The man listened to me, I cannot repeat our conversation, but it was ended by the man asking me to come again.

I will not relate to you any more of the speeches. There were boxes held at the door of Exeter Hall, and I hope a great deal of money was put into them. How sad it is that people should spend money in finery, and folly, when so many souls are perishing for want of instruction.

I hope, my dear children, you even now take a delight in doing good with the little money you have, even one half-penny, if you can spare no more. If given with your whole heart, it proves as acceptable in God's sight, as a thousand guineas from a rich man. The poor men who visit the alleys in London, must be paid, because they must have bread for themselves and their families. I hope that next year there will be money enough not only to pay the sixty, but forty more. Yet five hundred would not be enough to visit all the ignorant people in London.

DEATH OF A LITTLE BOY.

REV. SIR,—The return of this night February 17th, reminds me of the severe sufferings of my dear son, who fell sweetly asleep in Jesus, after five days illness, about one o'clock in the morning, of the

18th February, 1836, aged 6 years and 5 months.

About the 12th February, 1836, he was seized with hoarseness, on the 15th, medical advice was called in, the physician intimated that the tonsils were inflamed, and that the symptoms were serious. In the evening, at the time of our family prayer, whilst reclining on his mother's lap, the dear boy became convulsed, all except himself were alarmed, and began hastily to prepare a warm bath, &c. The dear child although convulsed from head to feet, most calmly and sweetly said, "Do not be frightened, I am not frightened, don't be unhappy, perhaps I am going to Jesus Christ." Dear sir, if you are a parent, you can well imagine the joy and comfort such an address at such a moment, and under such circumstances, must have imparted. Further advice was called, and the prescribed remedies were adopted. About noon, on the 17th, his dear mother and I were cheered by the hope of a decidedly favourable change in his disorder having taken place. He observed how full of expectation we were that he would recover, and looking at us both with the sweetest composure, he said, "I am going to Jesus Christ!" Soon after this, fatal symptoms returned upon him, and at midnight he peacefully expired. Some hours previous to his departure, his speech completely failed

through exhaustion, but his hearing and intellects seemed unimpaired. He was pleased at the proposal of prayer, and also at the repetition to him of his own favourite texts, and hymns, and prayers. Of his own accord, he placed his little hands together, and looked up to heaven, as he listened, and seemed devoutly to unite in spirit with the words, "Thou, God, seest me." "Jesus said, suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," &c. Also that sweet hymn which I have taught all my children, and which I first met with in your valuable work, the "Children's Friend," was particularly prized by him.

Lord Jesus, teach a child to pray,
Who humbly kneels to thee;
And every night, and every day
My friend and Saviour be.

While here I live, O live with me,
And when I'm call'd to die,
Take up my soul, to dwell with thee,
And sing thy praise on high!

I add a few verses written by a young lady, who was much attached to my dear boy.

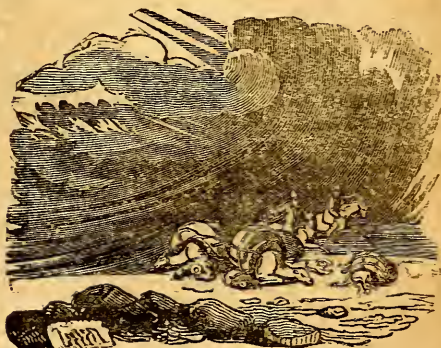
Sweet words, from one so young to hear,
Whose years had not yet number'd seven;
"Be not alarm'd—I do not fear,
I go to Jesus Christ in heaven."

His mother held his aching head,
He knew, with grief her heart was riven,
He tried to soothe, and sweetly said,
"I go to Jesus Christ in heaven."

And soon death's seal was on his brow,
 And soon th' expiring sigh was given;
 His spirit upward flew—and now
 "It rests with Jesus Christ in heaven."

Beloved child! thy little bark
 Was quickly o'er life's ocean driven;
 But thou hast cross'd the waters dark,
 And art "with Jesus Christ in heaven."

Farewell, dear boy! and O may we
 Seek that our sins may be forgiven,
 And thus prepare to follow thee,
 And dwell with "Jesus Christ in heaven!"



THE WHIRLWIND.

"The Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust."—DEUT. xxviii. 24.

This may, with the greatest probability, be referred to the winds, which in the East, and particularly in desert regions and the districts bordering on them, subject to the most serious inconvenience, if not danger, the travellers and others who may be exposed to them. The sand-storms occur

in their most awful form in those deserts where the fine sand is thrown into hillocks, which being swept by furious winds, the sand of which they are formed is tossed on high, and whirled rapidly and densely through the air, and at last falls heavily, forming other hillocks, to be swept and whirled again. Thus the storm proceeds—wave following wave—that newly raised mounting over that nearly spent, and the looser spray of both the rising and subsiding waves continuing to fill the upper and surrounding air until the storm has finally subsided. Under this most awful exhibition of the sand-storm, it sometimes happens that travellers and their cattle are overwhelmed and suffocated; and even the more common and less dangerous forms of this whirlwind, which occur in regions less sandy, or where the sands are less extensive than in the great sandy deserts of Asia, are still very formidable and alarming. Mr. Buckingham has given a description of such a storm, of that kind which must have been well known to the Israelites during their wanderings. It occurred in the desert of Suez, that is, on the western side of that sandy desert which occupies a considerable portion of the country between Egypt and Palestine:—

“The morning was delightful on our setting out, and promised us a fine day; but the light airs from the south soon increased to a gale, the sun became obscure, and as

every hour brought us into a looser sand, it flew about us in such whirlwinds, with the sudden gusts that blew, that it was impossible to proceed. We halted therefore for an hour, and took shelter under the lee of our beasts, who were themselves so terrified as to need fastening by the knees, and uttered in their wailings but a melancholy music.....Fifty gales of wind at sea appeared to me more easy to be encountered than one amongst these sands. It is impossible to imagine desolation more complete; we could see neither sun, earth, nor sky; the plain at ten paces distance was absolutely imperceptible: our beasts, as well as ourselves, were so covered, as to render breathing difficult; they hid their faces in the ground; and we could only uncover our own for a moment to behold this chaos of mid-day darkness, and wait impatiently for its abatement."

ANECDOTES FROM THE "MEMORIAL OF
FREDERIC SCORESBY."

While he was yet a little child, in frocks, his nurse had been carrying him up and down the room, on account of his being unwell and in pain, when she sat down for a few moments in a chair, resting the child on a near table. He began in an endearing manner to stroke her cheek with his little hand, and said, "Betty, if I die," for he felt his health was different from that

of other children, and had frequently heard fears expressed about him, "will you promise me that you will say your prayers every day?" Betty, struck by the request, readily assured him that she would. He then enforced the injunction, adding, "Be sure you say your prayers every day, or else, when I go to heaven, I shan't see you there."

When about six years old, a lady, who was much pleased with Frederic, said to him, "I will bring a little play-mate to see you." On his expressing much satisfaction at the proposal, one present asked him what he would do with her? "Oh!" he promptly replied, "I will teach her to love Jesus Christ, and that will make her good and happy."

Mr. Scoresby writes: "After our arrival in Liverpool, Frederic, not yet being nine years old, I observed him at breakfast-time with his Bible (in which he delighted greatly) open before him, when he began a conversation with reference to the parable of the ten virgins, the portion on which he had been meditating. Whilst reading it, he made remarks in his progress, observing, "that the wise could not give oil to the foolish." I asked why? "Because," said he, "the oil, you know, is the Spirit of Christ in the heart, and they *could not give that*." But after a little reflection, he added, "They said, 'Go and buy for yourselves.' That means, that they should go and pray for the oil, and the wise could also pray for them."

He used frequently to accompany his father, at that time chaplain to the Mariner's Church at Liverpool, in his ministerial visits to the docks. "On one of these occasions," says Mr. S., "Frederic, attending to a conversation betwixt myself and the captain of a small vessel, into whose cabin we had been invited, heard him speak of one of his little apprentices, as being a pious boy. The circumstance was too interesting to pass unheeded; so that, on ascending from the cabin to the deck, where he observed two boys at work, he became anxious to ascertain which of them was the pious one, that he might speak to him. And this he was enabled promptly to determine; for I remarked, that one of them worked harder than the other; adding, with much animation, 'I knew *that* must be the religious boy:' a pleasing proof of *his* conviction, that true principle will produce practical effects." In order to share in some measure of usefulness, Frederic, of his own accord, made a purchase, at the cost of a considerable portion of his little weekly allowance for a season, of a bundle of tracts and small books, to distribute among the sailors at the docks. In a letter to an aunt, he writes on the subject: "When I went with papa to the ships, I was a little afraid to give the tracts away at the first; but, by degrees, I got to like it very much. I gave all the tracts you gave me the first afternoon. I had a little encouragement; for they began to ask me for

some. I added to every tract ‘The Swearer’s Prayer;’ because that were they in the habit of doing the thing mentioned in the other tracts, or were not, yet perhaps they might be in the habit of swearing.”

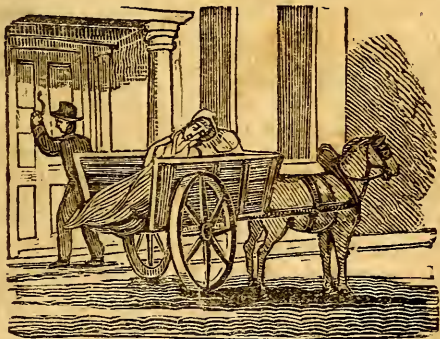
Some years after, on reading the last chapter of the first book of Kings, reflecting on that part where the Lord is said to ask, “Who shall persuade Ahab that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-gilead? And there came up a spirit before the Lord, and offered to betray him by becoming a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets,” Frederic said that it appeared that wicked spirits had sometimes permission to go up into heaven, when God would employ them in his work of judgment. “For you know,” said he, “that the spirit which went before God must have been a wicked one, because he said he would be a lying spirit; for a good spirit could not lie.”

AMIE.

A YOUNG MAHOMEDAN WOMAN.

“A young Mahomedan woman,” says a Missionary in Africa, “was sent to be sold at Wilmhayé. She came to my church, and told me with tears in her eyes, that when she heard the preaching of Christ, as the only Redeemer of mankind, that we may be happy in him by free grace, without money, and without price, she thought within herself, “Why have I been so foolish as to listen to my priest who says, bring, bring, bring money, bring rice, bring fowls, yea, bring what you have.” She continued hearing the word of truth, till being fully convinced of her sins, she came to me, the first time to speak about the state of her mind. I was

astonished, and finding that her ideas of the word of God, the love of Christ to sinners, and his sufferings for them was so clear, she was baptized, and when she took her infant, to bring her in order to receive the holy ordinance; also, she was so affected, that she laid the child on her breast and cried aloud. Her appearance made such an impression on the congregation, that very few eyes remained dry. About three months ago, her child died, the mother was quiet, and comforted herself in our Redeemer, saying, 'I hope to meet my darling in heaven.'"—*Missionary Register, Jan. 1836.*



PLAGUE IN 1666.

Some Account of the Ravages of the Plague in 1666, in the Parish of Eyam, in Derbyshire, with extracts of three deeply-interesting letters from the Rector, the Rev. Wm. Mompesson, who heroically persisted in performing his duty while this terrible disorder was raging.

The village of Eyam was one of the last, if it were not the very last place in England visited by that dire contagion in 1666, the year after that in which, in the city of London, Death, on his pale horse, trampled on three thousand vic

tims in one ghastly night. Mr. Mompesson was then rector of Eyam, and in the vigour of his youth. He had married a beautiful young lady, by whom he had a boy and girl, of three and four years old. The plague was brought thither in patterns of cloth, sent from London to a tailor in the village. It raged with great violence, and swept away four-fifths of the inhabitants.

On the commencement of the contagion, Mrs. Mompesson threw herself, with her babes, at the feet of her husband, to supplicate his flight from that devoted place; but not even the tears and entreaties of a beloved wife could induce him to desert his flock in these hours of danger and dismay. Equally fruitless were his persuasions that she would retire with her infants. The result of this pathetic contest was a resolve to remove their children, and abide together the fury of the pestilence.

From a rational belief that assembling in the church for public worship, during the summer heats, would spread and increase the infection, he agreed with his afflicted parishioners that he would read prayers to them three times in the week, and deliver his two sermons on the Sabbath from one of the perforated arches in the rocks of a verdant dingle close by. By his directions, they ranged themselves in the grassy declivity, near the bottom, a yard distant from each other; the dell being so narrow, a speaker from that rock might be distinctly heard.

One may fancy this dauntless minister of God stretching forth his hands from the rock, and preaching to his alarmed and distressed flock in that little wilderness! How solemn, how pathetic must have been his exhortations in those terrific hours! The church-yard soon ceased to afford room for the dead, which were afterwards buried in a heathy hill above the village. Curious travellers take pleasure in

visiting those tumuli, and in examining their yet distinct remains; also in descending from the cliffs, which brow the summit of the dingle, into the consecrated rock from which Mr. Mompesson performed divine service during that awful visitation. The consecrated rock is called Cucklet Church, by the villagers, to this day.

Mr. Mompesson remained in health during the whole time of the contagion; but Providence saw fit to put his fortitude to severer trial than if he had seen the plague spot upon his own body.

Amongst other precautions against the disease, Mrs. Mompesson had prevailed upon her husband to suffer an incision to be made in his leg, and kept open. One day she observed appearances in the wound which induced her belief that the contagion had found a vent that way, and that consequently the danger was over as to him.

Instead of being shocked that the pestilence had entered her house, and that her weakness—for she was not in health—must next endure its fury, she expressed the most rapturous gratitude to heaven for the apprehended deliverance of him, whom more than life she loved. His letters, though he seems to think her convictions groundless concerning his having taken the disease, make grateful mention of that disinterested joy.

Mrs. Mompesson, however, soon after sickened of the plague, and expired in her husband's arms, in the 27th year of her age. Her monument is now in Eyam church-yard, protected by iron rails, and with the inscription distinct.

Upon the first appearance of the pestilence in Eyam, Mr. Mompesson wrote to the then Earl of Devonshire, residing at Chatsworth, to say that he believed it possible to prevail upon his

parishioners to confine themselves within the limits of the village, provided his Grace would exert himself to induce the country round to supply them with necessaries, leaving such provisions as might be requested in appointed places, and at appointed hours, upon the neighbouring hills. The proposal was punctually complied with; and it is most remarkable, that where the pestilence became, beyond conception, terrible, not a single inhabitant attempted to pass the deathful bounds of the village, though a regiment of soldiers could not, in that rocky and open country, have detained them against their will, much less could any watch which might have been set by the neighbourhood, have effected that infinitely important purpose.

By the influence of this exemplary man, the result of his pious and affectionate virtue, the rest of the county of Derby escaped the plague; not one of the very nearly neighbouring towns, hamlets, or even a single house, being infected, beyond the limits of Eyam village, though the distemper remained there more than seven months.

Some years afterwards, Mr. Mompesson obtained the prebend of York and Southwell, and the rectory of Eakring, in Nottinghamshire. He married his second wife in 1679, Mrs. Newby, widow of Charles Newby, Esq. by whom he had two daughters. The deanery of Lincoln was offered him, but he declined it in favour of his friend Dr. Fuller, to whom he had promised his interest, and by which interest the doctor obtained the deanery. Thus were piety, fortitude, honour, and generosity blended in his character.

He died in the year 1708. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." In the sum

mer of 1735, five labouring men, inhabitants of Eyam, were digging amongst the plague graves in the heathy mountain, above the village, to make potatoe-ground for a cottage which had been built there. They came to something which had the appearance of having once been linen. Conscious of its situation, they instantly buried it again; but in a few days they all sickened of a putrid fever, and three out of the five died. It was so contagious, that the sick could procure no attendance out of their own family. This dreadful disease, awakened, though much abated in power, from the dust in which it had slumbered ninety-one years, proved fatal to seventy persons in Eyam.

Letter from the Rev. Wm. Mompesson to Sir George Saville.

HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

This letter brings you the saddest tidings that ever my pen could write. The destroying angel has been in my habitation: my dearest wife was stricken, and is gone to her everlasting rest, invested with a crown of glory, having made a most pious and happy end. Indeed, had she loved herself as well as she loved me, she had fled, at my entreaty, with her sweet babes, from the pit of destruction; but she was resolved to die a martyr to my interest. My drooping spirits are much refreshed with her joys, which I assure myself are unutterable.

This paper, sir, is to bid you a hearty farewell for ever, and to bring you my thanks for all your noble favours; and I hope you will believe a dying man, that I have as much love as honour for you, that I bend my feeble knees to the God of heaven, that you, my dear lady, her children, and their children may be blessed with happiness external, internal, and eternal.

Dear Sir, let your dying chaplain recommend this truth to you and yours; that no happiness

or solid comfort can be secured in this vale of tears, but from living a pious life. I pray you, dear sir, to retain this rule—never to do that thing upon which you dare not first ask the blessing of God upon the success thereof.

Sir, I have made bold with your name in my will for an executor; and I hope you will not take it ill. Others are joined with you that will take from you all the trouble. Your favourable aspect will, I know, be a great comfort to my distressed orphans. I am not desirous that they should be great, but good; and it is my earnest request that they may be brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. Sir, I thank God that I am willing to shake hands in peace with all the world; and I have comfortable assurances that he will accept me for the sake of his Son, and I find God more good than ever I imagined, and wish that his goodness were not so much abused and contemned.

I desire you would please to make choice of an humble, pious man to succeed me in this parsonage. Could I see your face before I depart hence, I could inform you which way I think he may live comfortably among these people, which would be a satisfaction to me before I die.

Dear Sir, I beg your prayers, and those of your family, that I may not be daunted or appalled by the powers of hell; that I may have dying graces, and be found in a dying posture. And with tears, I entreat, that when you are praying for fatherless and motherless infants, you would then remember my two pretty babes.

Sir, pardon the rude style of this paper, and if my head be discomposed, you cannot wonder at me: however, be pleased to believe that

I am, dear sir, your most obliged, most affectionate, and grateful servant,

WILLIAM MOMPESSEON.

(*To be concluded.*)

MOTHER AND GEORGE.

"My Father made them all."

Mother.

Come hither, George, and tell me, dear,
Who made this earth, with beauty crown'd,
Who paints it new from year to year,
And daily turns it round and round?

George.

My Father made it, mother dear,
When there was nothing all around;
He paints it new from year to year,
And daily turns it round and round.

M—And canst thou tell who made the sky,
So clear and beautiful to view;
Who formed it all so round and high,
And gave it then so fine a blue?

G—My Father, he too made the sky,
So clear and beautiful to view;
He formed it all so round and high,
And gave it then so fine a blue.

M—But look again—who made the sun,
That glorious thing above thine head;
Who shows it how and where to run,
And colours it so deep a red?

G—My Father made that glorious sun
Which shines so bright above my head;
He shows it how and where to run;
And colors it so deep a red.

M—Who made the moon, so pale and fair,
To give thee, dearest, light at even;
Who made each little shining star,
And hung it like a lamp in heaven?

G—My Father made the moon so fair,
To give me, mother, light at even;
He made each little shining star
And hung it like a lamp in heaven.

M—Who made the fish to swim the seas,
 The beasts to walk, the birds to fly;
 Who made the green and leafy trees,
 The flowers so sweet and grass so high?

G—My Father—he too made all these
 Whether they swim or walk or fly;
 He made the green and leafy trees,
 The flowers so sweet and grass so high.

M—Who made thyself, my precious child,
 With an immortal soul endow'd,
 Who, when he made thee, sweetly smiled
 And said, "'tis very, very good."

G—My Father made thy precious child,
 With an immortal soul endow'd,
 And when he made me sweetly smil'd
 And said, "'tis very, very good."

M—There is a world of dark despair—
 Who made it, George? and canst thou tell
 Where they who lie, and they who swear,
 And all the bad for ever dwell?

G—Mother, that world of dark despair
 My Father made and called it hell,
 Where they who lie and they who swear
 And all the bad for ever dwell.

M—Far, far above that place of wo
 There is a world of endless joy —
 Who made it, child—where good men go,
 And every pious little boy?

G—Dear mother, yes,—for well I know,
 My Father made that world of joy,
 Where all good men shall one day go,
 And every pious little boy.



THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 176.

AUGUST, 1838.

VOL. 15.

THE DEAD SEA .

This remarkable Lake, we are told by Moses, occupies the site of the plain or valley of Siddim. It is called in Scripture by the names of the "Salt Sea," the "Sea of the Plain," and the "East Sea," but it was known to the Greeks and Romans by the name of "Lake Asphaltites;" that is, the "Bituminous Lake;" and in more modern times has generally been distinguished as the "Dead Sea." It is situated in the south of Palestine, and is of irregular oblong figure, extending generally from north to south, but with a leaning of the northern portion eastward, which gives to the whole figure an appearance which has been com-

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pared to that of a bow. The mountains which enclose the Ghor, or valley of the Jordan, open considerably at the northern extremity of the lake, and encompassing it on the east and west sides, approach again at the southern extremity, leaving between them only a narrow plain which, under the names of El Ghor and El Araba, is continued southward to the eastern gulf of the Red Sea. The dimensions of the lake are very variously stated. The account most usually followed is that of Josephus, which seems to make it 72 miles long by 18 broad; but it would appear that this must be taken as a large estimate, for many modern observers have been disposed to reduce it by one-third, or even one-half.

The name "Dead Sea" is supposed to have been given to the lake in consequence of the desolate appearance of all things around, and the absence of animal and vegetable life; for the waters being intensely salt, and the soil around deeply impregnated with saline matter, no plants or trees will grow there, and the saturation of the air with saline particles and sulphureous and bituminous vapours is also unfavourable to vegetable life. It is a necessary consequence of this, that no wild animals resort thither for food or drink, nor are flocks or herds led to its shores. The absence of fish also in its waters prevents even the resort of those water-fowl

whose presence gives some animation to lakes less peculiarly circumstanced ; and, altogether, the general aspect of nature in this blighted region is dull, cheerless, and depressing. The unusual stillness of so large a body of water is quite in unison with the general desolation, to which it not a little contributes. This is doubtless owing in a great degree to the shelter of the mountains which enclose it, and shut out the strong winds ; but part of the effect may perhaps be attributed to the heaviness of the water. Where the waters occasionally overflow their usual limit, a saline crust is left upon the surface of the soil resembling hoar-frost, or snow. The lake, and the lake only, being at certain seasons covered with a dense mist, which is dissipated by the rays of the sun, it came to be said that black and sulphureous exhalations, destructive to animal life, were constantly arising ; and it was added, that these exhalations struck dead any birds that attempted to fly across. The rare appearance of birds in consequence of the saltiness of the water and the absence of fish, probably occasioned this report, which is now known to be incorrect.

It is much saltier than the waters of the sea, and has also an unpleasant bitterness. Rae Wilson says that its taste is more disagreeable than the Harrogate waters, but the smell resembles it, and is also not

unlike that of bilge-water. As the water is heavier than that of the sea, it necessarily has greater strength to support foreign bodies on its surface. Josephus relates that the most weighty things thrown into it will not sink; and that the Emperor Vespasian, to try its strength, caused certain men who could not swim to be thrown in with their hands tied behind them, and they floated on the surface.



“OF COURSE.”

One day my sister-in-law said to me, “The woman who nursed me when I was a baby is very ill: she is in the hospital. Will you go with me to see her?”

I willingly consented. We arrived at the large hospital called St. George’s, in London. People were passing to and fro

along the wide passages. Many doors were open ; but as there was no one to shew us the way, we found it rather difficult to discover in which room the poor woman lay. At length we reached the ward we sought for.

Many of my young readers have been in a hospital. They have visited their sick parents, or other relations ; or they have themselves been nursed in one. I saw a poor little creature crying in bed, that did not appear more than eight years old.

But some of my readers have never entered a hospital. I will describe the room where the sick nurse was.

Each room in a hospital is called a ward. In this ward there were rows of beds all down the two sides. The beds were very neat, and the room was well aired. At the head of this sick woman's bed there was a card hung up, describing the sort of food she might eat, and the medicines she ought to take. The food mentioned was fish, pudding, and milk.

The nurse looked extremely pale, and worn with pain. My sister spoke kindly to her, and sat down by her side. She did not know her well, for this nurse had only been with her when she was quite a baby. We then talked to her about her soul, and her hopes of future happiness : but while we spoke, she fixed her eyes upon a bundle of clothes my sister had

brought as a present. She told us that she expected to go to heaven: but she did not seem pleased by the prospect. I asked why she thought that she should go to heaven. She replied, "On account of my great sufferings." I saw that this poor woman did not know that she was a sinner, and that sin deserved eternal death; for if she had, she would not have thought that her short sufferings would atone for her sins. How can the sufferings of a guilty creature wash out sin; for the sinner continues to sin even while he is suffering. Are not devils in hell sinning still, and thus heaping up fresh wrath upon themselves? and are not sinners on earth doing the same?

I reminded this poor woman of a Saviour. Upon which she replied, "Oh! the Saviour, *of course*." She had, you see, heard often of a Saviour; but she thought him a matter of course, hardly worth mentioning.

Would you like to know how this poor woman died? Did the Saviour she slighted support her through the valley of the shadow of death?

I never saw her again; but about a month afterwards I heard of her death. She had suffered great agony in her body till within a short time of her death; then her bodily pains left her, and her pains of mind began. In the last few hours of her life this was her cry, "I am

going, I am going; but not to God, but not to God." Thus she died. This is the consequence of thinking the Saviour a matter of course.

Do you do so, dear child? Then know that it is not an easy thing for a sinner to be saved. Many shall seek to enter in at the narrow gate, and shall not be able. Strive, therefore, to go in. Entreat the Lord to reveal his Son in your heart, that he may be your Saviour indeed.

I lately heard of a heathen who was quite a contrast to this poor woman. He felt so uneasy about his sins, that he sought to find some method to obtain pardon, but knew not what plan to pursue. Like this poor woman, he thought that his sufferings might atone for his sins: so he went into a wilderness, and lived upon dry roots and herbs; but still he could not leave his sins behind him. He then spent whole nights standing in water up to his chin: but water would not take away sin. He then beat himself with knotted ropes till his body was a mass of wounds: but his stripes could not heal his soul. At last he heard of a Missionary, who professed to know a way of salvation. He came to him, and he heard of a Saviour who had suffered in his stead. He was overcome with joy. "What, is it possible that there should be so easy a way of salvation? May I be saved in this way?" This poor Abys-

sinian did not think it a matter of course to be saved by Jesus, but esteemed it an unspeakable delight and benefit. He called it an easy way; because he would have no sufferings to endure for his sins, and because Jesus was willing to save him; but yet it is a hard way too; for none can come to Jesus except the Father draw them: therefore we must cry earnestly to God to bring us to Christ. The Father had drawn this poor man to Christ, by warning him of his sins, and making him feel that he could not save himself, and then causing him to hear of Jesus.

MARTHA PRIDHAM.

Martha Pridham was born July 25th, 1832; taken ill October 30th, 1837; and died November 4th following. Her poor parents having the love of God shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto them, bring their children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. This dear child, in the week previous to her last illness, said to her father, "Father, tell me all about Jesus; I want to know about Jesus." And after she had listened to what he said also concerning the kingdom of heaven, she exclaimed, "Oh! that will be joyful, when we meet to part no more."

On Saturday the 28th of October last, two days before taken ill, she said, "Fa-

ther, I have seen Jesus; I have been with Jesus!" "Where, my dear?" "In heaven, with all his angels." On the next day, Sunday, her little brother forgot his grace. She said, "O Lord, send thy Holy Spirit into my little brother's heart, and make him a child of God, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

During her short illness, in the middle of the night she requested her parent to sing. "What shall I sing, my dear?" "Hallelujah!" In the morning as her sufferings increased, she said, "What an affliction! Our Father, which art in heaven; hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come. O God, forgive me; forgive my trespasses. Lord, remember me!"

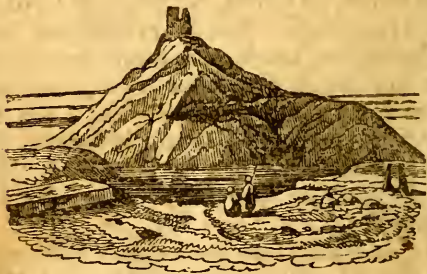
On giving her some nourishment, she put her hand over her eyes, and said, "Lord, I thank thee for what I am now going to receive." Being informed that a kind lady sent it to her, she said, "May the Lord bless her soul: it is very kind of her!"

At another time she said, "Father, do you know what Jesus saith?" "What does he say, my dear?" "'Come to me!' I love Jesus! I love Jesus!"

Her parents frequently heard her say, "Oh! my little heart! Lord, take possession of my little wicked heart."

In passing through the valley of the shadow of death, she said, "My dear Jesus! I love Jesus! I love Jesus!" and

sang, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" Her father said, "Shall I pray, my dear?" "Do pray. I love Jesus!" Rising from prayer, she shook hands with all present. Her speech failing, she could only nod her head at any question. The brightness of her countenance, and the peace she seemed to possess, evidently arose from her knowledge of the Saviour; and in perfect calmness she fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, after four days illness, aged five years and three months.



BABYLON, OR BABEL.

"A tower whose top may reach unto heaven."
GEN. xi. 4.

How awfully have the predictions regarding Babylon been fulfilled. See Is. xiii. "It shall never be inhabited," &c. The site of Babylon has now for many

ages been forsaken by man, and left entirely to the "doleful creatures" mentioned by the prophet. "Neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there." The Arabian pitches his tent, and feeds his flock, where pastures may be found; and at Babylon there is no pasture. The whole is a perfect desolation, in which nothing useful for man or beast can be discovered. The soil for miles round consists of grit and clay, the remains of the buildings by which the site was once covered, and which contains no principles friendly to vegetation.

EDWARD DAVIES.

A converted Jew.

Edward Davies, an only child, was born of Jewish parents, in Hamburgh, about the year 1817, and chiefly brought up in that city. He was apprenticed to a trade but an unsettled disposition led him to leave it, and after his father's death he became still more unsteady, so that his mother and relations entertained serious fear about him, and as he would not take advice, they left him to himself. In the midst of all this, the good providence of God directed his steps to the Society's Missionaries, in Hamburgh, and by them the first good seed was sown in his heart. Afterwards he came over to England, and

having wandered about the country for some time, seeking a livelihood by trading, he called to his mind the truths he had heard in Hamburg, and sought for further Christian instruction and admission into the Jewish Converts Institution, in London, fully determined no longer to resist the admonitions of his conscience. He was admitted in 1836, and from his whole conduct it soon became evident that he was sincere in his intentions, and that the grace of God was doing its work in his heart. He studied his Bible with diligence, learned his catechism, with some hundred Scriptural texts, and was regular in his attendance at the family prayers, and divine service at the Jews' chapel. He became gentle in his manners, affectionate in his intercourse with the brethren, devoted and cheerful in the discharge of his duties, and fervent in his prayers. He expressed much anxiety to be baptized, and was accordingly admitted into the Christian Church, at the Episcopal Jews' chapel, in the presence of a large congregation, and many Israelites who had come to witness the ceremony. The importance he attached to the truths of Christianity, and the happiness he felt at having embraced it, will be seen from an extract of a letter he wrote to a friend in England, early in January:

“You will be surprised to receive this directed from London. I have been here

for about 7 months, and it has pleased the Almighty to lead me into the way of truth, and to the knowledge of our only Saviour, Jesus Christ. I have ended my instruction, and have already confessed our Lord Jesus by the baptism with water, and I trust and hope to God, that I shall also be baptized by the Holy Ghost."

In the sequel of this letter, Edward made inquiries after a situation, but the Lord had something better in store for him, and was preparing him for a mansion above. The influenza attacked him, and when nearly recovered, he was thrown back by a fresh cold, which took a very serious turn, and brought on inflammation of the heart, and water on the chest. The pains he suffered were extreme, but he bore them with patience and resignation. His brethren were very kind in nursing him day and night, and during his illness he was visited by several Hebrew Christian friends, who prayed with him. The Rev. J. C. Reichardt who had instructed him, often sat by his bed side, and read to him such portions of Scripture, as were suitable to prepare his soul for the heavenly flight. He once asked him whether he ever recalled to his mind some of the many texts he had learnt by heart, he said, "O yes." When further asked which passage now gave him particular comfort, he said, "Know ye not," &c., Rom. vi. 16, 17. He also confessed

that he loved the Lord Jesus from his heart, and placed all his hopes for time and for eternity on him alone, because he had redeemed him with his most precious blood. He desired to receive the sacrament, which was accordingly administered to him. The greatest anxiety he had was about his mother, to whom he had several times written, both before, and after his baptism, to inform her of the circumstance of his becoming a Christian, and nothing gave him greater pleasure on his death-bed, than the news that she was not only reconciled to the step he had taken, but herself more favourably inclined towards Christianity. When he began to grow weaker, he was asked whether he would like to see some of his relations who lived in London, but he declined seeing them, and said, "what can they do for me; they cannot help me, and I fear they would only disturb me." On Saturday the 11th of February, he was in much pain, through difficulty of breathing, but of his own accord, in a low tone of voice, repeated every petition that was offered up for him, by the Rev. J. C. Reichardt. In the morning he felt very weak, and his appearance was somewhat changed. The Rev. J. C. R. being sent for from the chapel, came to his bedside in time to receive a last farewell look. The soul of this dear brother was then committed in prayer into the hands of

his God and Saviour, and whilst this was done, he very peacefully, and without any struggle, breathed his last, to enter into the joy of his Lord. The peaceful state in which his soul departed, left an impression on his mortal remains, and this impression of peace on his countenance which remained unchanged, added not a little to efface from the minds of his brethren that fear of death, so peculiar to the Jewish nation, and to give them a practical lesson of the truth of a Christian's hope, who in the solemn hour of death, is able to say, "O grave, where is thy victory, O death, where is thy sting."



ROCK SEPULCHRES.

We read in Genesis xxiii. 19, that Abraham buried his wife in the cave of the field of Macphelah. This is the earliest notice of the

practice which was common in the East, of placing the dead in natural or made caves, great numbers of which are still to be found in Palestine, Syria, Egypt, and Persia. In the mountains of Palestine there are many natural caves in the rocks, which might easily be formed into vaults: and where such caves were wanting, sepulchres were hewn in the rock, for such families as were able to bear the expense. They were generally roomy, in order to receive several bodies. Recesses about six or seven feet deep, are usually cut in the sides of the vaults, each to receive a single corpse, but in some vaults small rooms are cut in the same manner; and in others, stone slabs of the same length are fixed against the walls, or cut out of the rock, one above another, serving as shelves on which the corpses are placed. Some of the bodies were placed in stone coffins, with sculptured lids.

DYING GREENLANDER.

A Moravian Missionary says, " We have had the grief to lose a very valuable Greenlander, by the upsetting of his boat. He left a wife, and four young children. He had harpooned a seal, when the wounded animal turned upon him, tore his boat, and upset both. When he was struggling in the water, one of his comrades drew near, in hopes of saving his life, but he had only strength left to say, 'look to your own

safety. I am dying, you will not bring me alive to the shore; but tell our teachers, and my family, what has become of me, and assure them that I am willing to die, for I know that my soul is redeemed, and will be received by Jesus.' Having said these words, he sank in a few moments."

CHILDREN'S ZEAL.

One of the Teachers of the Surrey Chapel Association having told the children of her class, that a member of the Christian Society at Surrey Chapel was about to go as a Missionary to Jamaica, describing at the same time the destitute state of the poor negro children in that island, the scholars caught the benevolent feeling, and expressed an earnest wish to send some Testaments as a present from themselves to the little negroes. The time was short, yet fourteen copies were soon subscribed for, and given to the care of the Missionary, together with small presents of pincushions and other articles made up by the same children. One of them even sent her favourite doll. The example was followed by the children of other schools, so that, on the whole, forty-eight Testaments were sent to the "heathen children far over the seas" from the depository of the Association.

PLAGUE IN 1666.

*(Concluded from page 166.)**Rev. Wm. Mompesson to his Children.*

DEAR HEARTS,

This brings you the doleful news of your dearest mother's death; the greatest loss that could befall you. I am deprived of a kind and loving consort, and you are bereaved of the most indulgent mother that ever poor little children had. But we must comfort ourselves in God, with this consideration, the loss is only ours; our sorrow is her gain, which should sustain our drooping spirits. I assure myself that her rewards and her joys are unutterable. Dear children, your blessed mother lived a holy life, and made a comfortable end, though by means of the sore pestilence, and she is now invested with a crown of righteousness.

My children, I think it may be useful to you to have a narrative of your dear mother's virtues, that the knowledge thereof may teach you to imitate her excellent qualities. In the first place, let me recommend to you her piety and devotion, which were according to the exact principles of the Church of England. In the next place, I can assure you she was composed of modesty and humility, which virtues did possess her dear soul in a most exemplary manner. Her discourse was ever grave and meek, yet pleasant also; a vaunting and immodest word was never heard to come out of her mouth. Again, I can set out in her two other virtues, with no little confidence, viz., charity and frugality. She never valued anything she had when the necessities of a poor neighbour did require it; but had a bountiful spirit towards all distressed and indigent persons: yet she was never lavish or profuse, but carefully, constant-

ly, and commendably frugal. She never liked the company of tattling women, and abhorred the wandering custom of going from house to house—that wastefully spending of precious time—for she was ever busied in useful occupations. Yet, though thus prudent, she was always kind and affable; for, while she avoided those whose company could not instruct or benefit her, and would not unbosom herself to any such, she dismissed and avoided them with civility. I do believe, my dear hearts, upon sufficient grounds, that she was the kindest wife in the world, and think, from my soul, that she loved me ten times better than she did herself; for she not only resisted my earnest entreaties that she would fly with you, dear children, from this place of death, but some few days before it pleased God to visit my course, she assured herself that I was past the malignity of the disease; whereat she rejoiced exceedingly, amidst all the danger with which her near approach to me was attended, whom she believed to be infected, which was a strong testimony of her love to me; for it is clear she cared not for her own part, so I were safe.

Further, I can assure you, my sweet babes, that her love to you was little inferior to that which she felt for me, since why should she thus ardently desire my longer continuance in this world of sorrows, but that you might have the protection and comfort of my life?

Now I will give you an exact account of the manner of her death. It is certain she had for some time had symptoms of consumption, and her flesh was considerably wasted thereby. However, being surrounded by infected families, she doubtless got the distemper from them. Her natural strength being impaired, she could not struggle with the disease, which made her illness very short. Upon being seized, she

showed much contrition for the errors of her life, and often cried out, "One drop of my Saviour's blood to save my soul!"

At the beginning of her sickness, she earnestly desired me not to come near her, lest I should receive harm thereby; but I can assure you I did not desert her, but, thank God, stood to my resolution not to leave her in her sickness who had been so tender a nurse to me in her health. Blessed be God, that he enabled me to be so helpful and consoling to her for which she was not a little thankful.

No worldly business was, during her illness, any disturbance to her; for she only minded making her calling and election sure; and she asked pardon of her maid servant for having sometimes given her an angry word.

I gave her several sweating antidotes, which had no kind operation, but rather scalded and inflamed her more, whereupon her dear head was distracted, which put her on many incoherencies. I was much troubled thereat, and propounded to her several questions in divinity, as by whom, and upon what account, she expected salvation, and what assurances she had of the certainty thereof. Though in all other things she talked at random, yet to these religious questions she gave me as rational and welcome answers as I could desire; and, at those times, I bade her repeat after me certain prayers and ejaculations, which she always did with much devotion, which was no little comfort and admiration to me, that God should be so good and gracious to her.

A little before her dear soul departed, she desired me to pray with her again. I went to her, and asked her how she did? Her answer was, that she was but looking when the good hour should come. Therefore, we went to prayers, and she made her responses from the Common

Prayer Book as perfectly as if she had been in perfect health, and an "amen" to every pathetic expression. When we had ended our prayers from the Visitation of the Sick, we made use of those out of 'The Whole Duty of Man; and when I heard her say nothing, I urged, "My dear, dost thou mind?" she answered, "Yes," and it was the last word she spoke.

I question not, my dear hearts, that the reading of this account will cause many a salt tear to spring from your eyes; yet let this comfort you: Your dear mother is a saint in heaven. I could have told you of many more of her excellent virtues; but I hope you will not, in the least, question my testimony, if, in a few words, I tell you that she was pious and upright in all her conversations.

Now to that blessed God who bestowed upon her all these graces, be ascribed all honour, glory, and dominion, the just tribute of all created beings, for evermore. Amen.

WILLIAM MOMPESSON.

Eyam, Aug. 31, 1666.

Rev. Wm. Mompeyson to his Uncle, John Beilby, Esq., of York; written under the same circumstances.

DEAR SIR,

I suppose this letter will seem no less than a miracle, proving that my habitation is among the living. Being unwilling to affright you with a paper from my own hands; I have gotten a friend to transcribe these lines.

I know you are sensible of my lone condition; of my loss of the kindest wife in the world, whose life was truly inimitable, and her end most comfortable. She was in an excellent posture of preparation when death gave the summons, which fills me with assurances that she is now invested with a crown of righteous-

ness. Had I been as thankful as my condition did deserve, I might yet have had my dearest in my bosom. But now farewell all happy days ! and God grant that I may repent of my great ingratitude !

The condition of this place hath been so dreadful, that I persuade myself it exceeded all history and example. I may truly say, our town was become a Golgotha, the place of skulls ; and had there not been a small remnant of us left, we had been as Sodom, and like unto Gomorrah. My ears never heard such doleful lamentations, my nose never smelt such noisome smells, and my eyes never beheld such ghastly spectacles. Here have been seventy-six families visited within my parish, out of which died 259 persons.

Blessed be God, our fears are now over, none having died of the infection since the 11th of October, nor is there any one under present suspicion ; and all the pest-houses have been several weeks empty.

I intend, if it please God, to spend most of this week in seeing all woollen clothes fumed and purified, as well for the satisfaction as for the safety of the country. Here hath been such burying of goods as the like was surely never known ; and, indeed, in this I think we have been too precise. For my own part, I have hardly left myself apparel to shelter my body from the cold, and have wasted more than need, for example's sake merely.

As to myself, I never was in better health than during the whole time of this dreadful visitation, neither can I think that I have had any certain symptom of the disease. My manservant had the distemper. Upon the tumour appearing, I gave him several chemical antidotes, which had a very kind operation ; and, with the blessing of God, they kept the venom

from the heart; and after the tumour broke, he was very well. My maid hath continued in health, which was a great mercy; for had she quailed, I should have been ill set to have worked and got provisions for myself.

I know I have had your prayers, and question not but I have fared better for them; and conclude that the prayers of good people have reserved me from the jaws of death. Certainly, I had been in the dust, if omnipotency had not been conquered by holy violence. I have largely tasted the goodness of my Creator, since, blessed be God, the grim looks of death did never yet affright me. I always had a firm faith that my dear babes would do well, which made me willing to leave this unkind and froward world. Yet I hope I shall esteem it a mercy that my desires of being, like my dear wife, translated to a better place, were frustrated. God grant that I may wait with patience for my change, and make a right use of his punishments and of his mercies; for if the first have been severe, so have the last been sweet and comfortable!

I perceive, by a letter from Mrs. Newby, that you have much and kindly concerned yourself for my welfare. Indeed, I made no question of possessing your true affection. Be assured, that in the midst of my great troubles, you were often in my thoughts.

Be pleased, sir, to accept the grateful presentment of my kindest respects, imparting the same to your good wife, and to all my dear relations. A line from your hand would be welcome to, dearest sir,

Your sorrowful and

truly affectionate nephew,

WILLIAM MOMPESSEON.

Eyam, Nov. 29, 1666.

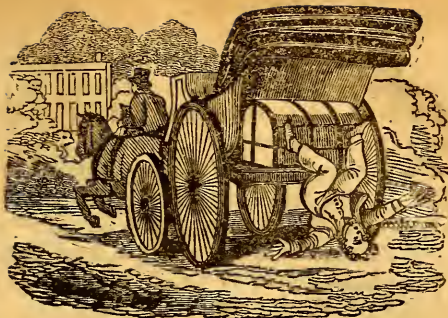
HYMN.

Hark, round the God of love
 Angels are singing !
 Saints at His feet above
 Their crowns are flinging.
 And may poor children dare
 Hope for acceptance there,
 Their simple praise and prayer
 To His throne bringing ?

Yes ! through adoring throngs
 His pity sees us ;
 Midst their seraphic songs
 Our offering pleases.
 And Thou, who here didst prove
 To babes so full of love,
 Thou art the same above,
 Merciful Jesus !

Not a poor sparrow falls,
 But Thou art near it.
 When the young raven calls,
 Thou, Lord, dost hear it.
 Flowers, worms, and insects share
 Hourly Thy guardian care—
 Wilt Thou bid us despair ?—
 Lord, can we fear it ?

Lord, then thy mercy send
 On all before Thee !
 Children and children's friend
 Bless, we implore Thee !
 Lead us from grace to grace
 On through our earthly race,
 Till all before thy face
 Meet, and adore Thee !



THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 177. SEPTEMBER, 1838. VOL. 15.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

I wish I could warn any of my little readers against a very dangerous and a very common practice. All England over, how common it is for the children to run out when a carriage goes through a town or village, and try to get on behind it. Now I am sure no gentleman or lady would begrudge any little child any reasonable or proper pleasure. I am sure it adds to one's own pleasure to see others pleased. But then sometimes a mischievous child scratches and spoils a carriage; and what is worst of all, a child runs into great danger. A coachman generally sees a child run behind; and

then perhaps he strikes his whip behind the carriage, not in a very gentle or careful way, and puts a poor child's eye out! and thus he is lamed for life.

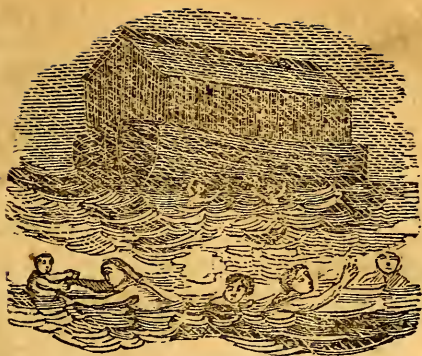
But it is not very long since, that I read in the newspapers a very shocking story indeed. A carriage was going at a great rate through a village, and out ran a poor lad as fast as he could, and got on behind; but the carriage had not gone far before the horses quickened their pace, and caused a sudden jerk, and off the poor lad fell. The road was rough and stony, and his poor head fell right on a large stone, and he was killed on the spot. To think of being summoned so suddenly into eternity, and oh! what his parents must have felt on receiving their dead son into their house!

My little reader, never, never again, as long as you live, get up behind a carriage.

W.

NOAH.

When Noah came out of the ark, he did what every believer would or ought to have done after so wonderful a deliverance; he offered up praises and thanksgivings to God. But a time of joy is always a time of danger. When we have eaten, and are full, we are often tempted to forget the Lord our God. Whether it was very soon after Noah



came out of the ark, or some time after, we are not sure; but Noah planted a vineyard, and drank of the juice of the vine, and was drunken. See, here, what poor weak creatures the very best of men are! See how soon they fall into sin, when they are tempted, and forget to pray, for the special grace of God, to keep them from falling! While Noah was in the ark, we must believe that he was much in prayer to God. It was a time of danger; and when men feel the danger they are in, they pray; because they are humbled. But too often, when all seems safe, and all goes well and prosperously, they become more careless, and less watchful against sin; and like soldiers who have taken some great spoil, and little think of any enemy, so Christians are taken, when off their guard, by the great enemy of souls, and fall into sin

as Noah did. We must never forget that, as long as we live on earth, we must “watch and pray, that we enter not into temptation;” “the spirit may be willing, but the flesh is weak.” Even good men and true believers have got within them a very treacherous enemy—their own heart—which is called, in Scripture, “the flesh;” and though they have also a new heart, a new nature, the divine nature, the Spirit of God, which is quite against and cannot in any way agree with the old and bad heart; still so strong is the old, bad heart, that it needs us to be always on our watch that the flesh may not overcome the spirit, as it did for a moment in the case of Noah. But though Noah was for a little while overcome by sin, he did not love it continually; he did not do it habitually, and from choice. Doubtless he repented bitterly of this sin, and prayed earnestly for pardon, through the sacrifice of the Lamb of God, who was to die for sinners, and in whom, though he did not know as much concerning Christ as we do, he yet firmly believed.

The three sons of Noah, Shem, Ham, and Japheth, are those from whom all the nations of the world were born. The people of Europe chiefly came from Japheth, whom God said he would enlarge; and so we find that the people of Europe have spread, by what are called colonies (that is bodies of people going away from

their own country to settle in foreign lands), into almost all the countries of the world. The people of Africa came from Ham, of whom and of the people who should come from him God said that he should be a servant of servants (that is a very lowest servant) to his brethren; and you know that the poor blacks have been made slaves to their fellow-men. The people of Asia (and we may name the Jews especially) came from Shem, of whom God said, by Noah, that "he should dwell in the tents of Shem," which he did when he dwelt as king among the children of Israel (who were from Shem), in a great tent, called the tabernacle, and more truly when God himself dwelt with men, as Immanuel (God with us); "when Jesus Christ, the Son of God, dwelt in a tent, as it were—the tabernacle of this mortal body—and they who saw him beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father."

For some time after the flood (about 249 years), "the whole earth was of one language and one speech;" all the people in the world talked only one tongue. The place where the ark rested was called Ararat, a great mountain, in the eastern country. As the families of Noah's sons grew and increased, they journeyed from the East, and some of them came to a great plain in the land of Shinar, in which the great Babylon afterwards was built.

The soil of this plain was full of a thick, sticky clay, called bitumen, like pitch, which, when burnt, fastened things together like mortar. These men, who had journeyed to this plain, were proud men, who did not fear God; they were men who wished to make themselves a name, and who did not wish to be scattered and spread over all the earth, as it is most likely they had been commanded to do. They wished to keep together, and so made up their minds to build a city, and a great tower, whose top should be so high that it would reach to heaven, and go into the clouds (as very high mountains and towers do); and this tower, seen afar off, would be a great land-mark, round which they should be gathered, and, like a standard lifted upon high, it would keep them together. Some have thought that they wished to build this tower that, in case of another flood coming, they should be able to climb to the top of it, and so not be drowned; but this is certain, that they did not do right when they built the high tower; that they did it in the pride and naughtiness of their hearts; that, in building it, they wished to set forward their own glory—not the glory of God—to make to themselves a great name among men—and not to honour the great name of the Holy God. So “the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the

children of men builded." When it is said that the Lord came down, we must remember that God speaks to us in our way of speaking; for we could not at all understand him if he spoke to us in his. (God is always close by us; God was near these men when they first thought of building the tower: he saw the thought of their heart even before they knew that it was there.) So that when it is said that God "came down to see," we must understand that God is speaking in a way that we should speak; and we must here remark, that in the 7th verse of the 11th chapter of Genesis, God said, "Let *us* go down:" this shows the same thing as the like words shew in the 1st chapter ("let *us* make man in our image, after our likeness"), namely, that there are three persons and one God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who together rule and govern the earth, as they together made it and preserve it.

How easily can God Almighty turn all man's strength to weakness, and confound all our devices! He is known by the judgments which he executeth. The people who were building the great city and tower were all of one speech; they were of one family; and all the people in the world talked the same language. While they were working, perhaps—all at once—in a moment—by the word and will of God—their language was con-

founded; so that they could not understand one another's speech. They began to make strange sounds; some of one kind, and some of another; the meaning of which they could not understand or know. They could not go on with the work; for instead of calling the things they wanted by the names by which they called them before, they called them by new names, and each by different ones; so that they could not work any longer. They were forced to separate; and such as spoke the same words went, we may suppose, away together, where they could be by themselves, and be away from the confusion which so many different sounds continually made. "They left off to build the city and the tower;" and it was called "Babel," that is "confusion;" because God confounded their language.

The great city of Babylon, which had 100 brazen gates, and had walls so broad that two chariots, with four horses abreast, could be drawn round upon them, was afterwards built in this very place. That part of the tower which was built stood for many years in the midst of the city.

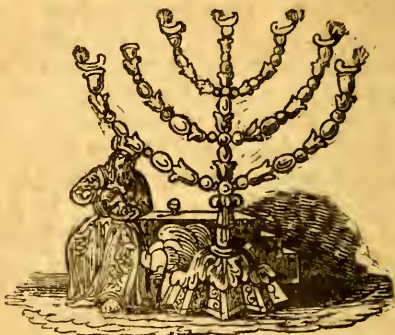
A heathen, who knew nothing of Scripture, has written an account of what he saw; and his account of the great tower in the midst of Babylon is such as to show that it was the same which the children of Noah wished to build, and part of

which they did build, that they might not scatter through the world, as God had, most likely, commanded them.

This history may remind us of the wonderful manner in which the same Almighty God, who confounded men's speech, and made those who spoke only one language speak a great many, because they would not scatter; and he who would have them do it, afterwards gave to his holy apostles the power of speaking in every language of the world, though before they only spoke their own; and this he did because he had commanded them "to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature;" and this they could not have done unless they had been able to speak to every creature in their own tongue.

Thus, easily, does God confound those who set themselves against him, and will not do what he bids them; and as easily does he strengthen those who love him to do what he has bidden them, and they desire to perform. Let us strive to be among those who, like the blessed apostles, seek to do his holy will and commandments, and not among those who, like the people of Babel, "resist his will." "Who ever hardened himself against the Lord, and prospered?" Let us pray that God may, by his Holy Spirit, incline our hearts to keep his law; and then God's power is all with us, and none against us; and

“who shall harm us, if we be followers of that which is good?” When we hear foreigners and people who speak other tongues, let us remember Babel.



GOLDEN CANDLESTICK.

Supposed form of the golden candlestick.—(See Exodus 25.)

NOTABLE STORY OF LORD CROMWELL.

Many years ago, there was in Florence a merchant, whose name was Francis, descended from the noble and ancient family of the Frescobalds. This gentleman was naturally endued with a noble and liberal mind, unto whom, also, through prosperous success and fortunate luck in his affairs and doings, much abundance of riches increased, so that he

grew in great wealth, having his coffers replenished with many heaps of much treasure. According to the custom of merchants, he used to trade into many countries, but chiefly into England, where long time he lived, sojourning in London, keeping house to his great commendation and praise.

It happened that Francis Frescobald, being in Florence, there appeared before him a poor young man, asking his alms. Frescobald, as he earnestly beheld this ragged stripling, who was not so disguised in his tattered attire, but that his countenance gave signification of much towardness and virtue in him, with conformity of manners agreeing to the same, being moved with pity, demanded of what country he was, and where he was born. "I am, sir," quoth he, "of England, and my name is Thomas Cromwell. My father is a poor man, and by his occupation a cloth-shearer. I am strayed from my country, and am now come into Italy, with the camp of Frenchmen that were overthrown at Garigliano, where I was the page to a footman, carrying after him his pike and burganet." Frescobald, partly considering the present state of this young man, and partly for the love he bare to the English nation, of whom he had received, in times past, sundry pleasures, received him into his house, and with such courtesy entertained his

guest, that at his departure, when he was in mind to return to his country, he provided such necessaries as he any way needed. He gave him both horse and new apparel, and sixteen ducats of gold in his purse, to bring him into his country. Cromwell, rendering his hearty thanks, took leave of his host, and returned into England. This Cromwell was a man of noble courage, and heroicā spirit, given to enterprise great matters, very liberal, and a grave councillor, &c. But to our purpose. At what time Cromwell was so highly favoured of his prince, and advanced to such dignity as is aforesaid, Francis Frescobald (as it many times happeneth to merchants) was, by many misfortunes and great losses, cast back, and become very poor. For, according to conscience and equity, he paid whatsoever was due to any others from himself; but such debts as were owing unto him, he could by no means obtain; yet, calling further to remembrance that in England, by certain merchants, there was due to him the sum of fifteen thousand ducats, he so purposed with himself, that if he could recover that money, he would well content himself, and no longer deal in his trade of merchants, but quietly pass over the rest of his days.

All things prepared for his journey, he setting forward towards England, at last

arrived at London, having utterly forgotten what courtesy long before he had showed to Cromwell, which is the property always of a good nature, for a man to forget what benefits he hath showed to others, but to keep in mind continually what he hath received of others. Frescobald, thus being now arrived at London, and there travelling earnestly about his business, it chanced him, by the way, to meet with this noble man, as he was riding towards the court; whom, as soon as the said lord Cromwell had espied, and had earnestly beheld, he bethought with himself that he should be the man of Florence, at whose hands, in times past, he had received so gentle entertainment: and thereupon suddenly alighting (to the great admiration of those that were with him) in his arms he gently embraced the stranger, and with a broken voice, scarce able to refrain tears, he demanded if he were not Francis Frescobald the Florentine. "Yea, sir," he answered, "and your humble servant." "My servant?" quoth Cromwell. "No, as you have not been my servant in times past, so will I not now account you otherwise than my great and especial friend; assuring you that I have just reason to be sorry, that you, knowing what I am (or, at least, what I should be) will not let me understand of your arriving in this land; which, known unto me, truly I should have paid

part of that debt, which I confess to owe you: but, thanked be God! I have yet time. Well, sir, in conclusion, you are heartily welcome: but having now weighty affairs in my prince's cause, you must hold me excused, that I can no longer tarry with you. Therefore, at this time I take my leave, desiring you, with the faithful mind of a friend, that you forget not this day to come to my house to dinner." And then, remounting his horse, he passed to the court.

Frescobald, greatly marvelling with himself who this lord should be, at last after some pause his remembrance better called home, he knew him to be the same, whom long before (as you have heard) he had relieved in Florence; and thereat he not a little joyed, especially considering how that, by his means, he should the better recover his due.

The hour of dinner drawing near, he repaired to the house of this honourable councillor, where, walking awhile in his base court, he attended his coming. The lord shortly returned from the court, and no sooner dismounted, but he again embraced this gentleman with so friendly a countenance, that both the lord admiral, and all the other noblemen of the court, being then in his company, did not a little marvel thereat. Which thing when the lord Cromwell perceived, he said, turning towards them, and holding Fres-

cobald fast by the hand, "Do ye not marvel, my lords," quoth he, "that I seem so glad of this man? This is he by whose means I have achieved the degree of this my present calling : and because ye shall not be ignorant of his courtesy when I greatly needed, I shall tell it you." And so there declared he unto them every thing in order, according as before hath been recited unto you. His tale finished, holding him still by the hand, he entered his house ; and coming into the chamber where his dinner was prepared, he sat him down to the table, placing his best welcomed guest next unto him.

The dinner ended, and the lords departed, he would know what occasion had brought Frescobald to London. Francis, in a few words, opened his cause, truly telling, that from great wealth he was fallen into poverty, and that his only portion to maintain the rest of his life, was fifteen thousand ducats which were owing him in England, and two thousand in Spain. Whereunto the lord Cromwell, answering again, said, "Touching the things, Master Frescobald, that be already past, although it cannot now be undone by man's power, nor by policy called again, which hath happened unto you by the unstable condition and mutability of this world, altering to and fro ; yet is not your sorrow so peculiar to yourself alone, but that, by the bond of

mutual love, I must also bewail with you this your state and condition: which state and condition of yours, though it may work in you matter of just heaviness, yet notwithstanding, to the intent you may receive, in this your heavy distress, some consolation for your old courtesy, showed to me in times past, the like courtesy now requireth of me again, that I, likewise, should repay some portion of that debt wherein I stand bound unto you; according as the part of a thankful man bindeth me to do, in requiting your benefits on my part heretofore received. And this further I avouch on the word of a true friend, that during this life and state of mine, I will never fail to do for you, wherein my authority may prevail to supply your lack and necessity: and so let these few words suffice to give you knowledge of my friendly meaning. But let me delay the time no longer."

Then, taking him by the hand, he led him into his chamber, whence, after that every man by his commandment was departed, he locked fast the door. Then, opening a coffer full heaped with treasure, he first took out sixteen ducats, and, delivering them to Frescobald, he said, "Lo here, my friend, is your money which you lent me at my departure from Florence, and here are other ten which you bestowed on my apparel, with ten more that you disbursed for the horse I rode

away on. But, considering you are a merchant, it seemeth to me not honest to return your money without some consideration for the long detaining of it. Take you, therefore, these four bags, and in every one of them are four hundred ducats: these you shall receive and enjoy from the hands of your assured friend."

Frescobald, although from great wealth he was brought to a low ebb, and almost an utter decay, yet expressing the virtue of a modest mind, after gentle thanks given to the lord Cromwell for his exceeding kindness showed, courteously would have refused that which was offered, had not the other enforced him against his will to receive it. This done, he caused Frescobald to give him a note of the names of all his debtors, and the sum that from every one of them was owing him. This schedule he delivered to one of his servants, unto whom he gave charge diligently to search out such men whose names were therein contained, if they were within any part of the realm; and then straitly to charge them to make payment of those sums within fifteen days, or else to abide the hazard of his displeasure. The servant so well performed his master's commandment, that in very short time they made payment of the whole sum; and if it had liked Frescobald so to have demanded, they should have answered to the uttermost, such

commodity as the use of his money in so many years would have given him profit: but he, contented with his principal, would demand no further; by which means he got both hearty love and great estimation, and the more, for that he was so dear to the lord Cromwell, and so highly esteemed of him.

And during all this time, Frescobald continually lodged in the house of the lord Cromwell, who ever gave him such entertainment as he had right well deserved, and oftentimes moved him to abide here in England, offering him the loan of threescore thousand ducats for the space of four years, if he would continue, and make his bank in London. But Frescobald, who desired to return into his country, and there quietly to continue the rest of his life, with the great favour of the lord Cromwell, after many thanks for his high and noble entertainment, departed towards his desired home, where, richly arriving, he gave himself quietly to live. But this wealth he small time enjoyed, for in the first year of his return he died.

A RASH FATHER.

In the neighbourhood of Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, there lived, a few years ago, a labouring man, who having a cross child, frequently wished, with an oath, that his next child might be both deaf and dumb. He afterwards had three children, all of whom were deaf and dumb.



THE HIGH PRIEST.

This cut presents a correct picture of the dress of the High Priest, under the Jewish law.

You will find a full account in the 28th chapter of Exodus.

MEMOIR OF MARGARET W—.

The subject of this little Memoir came under my ministerial care as a scholar in my Sunday School, nearly seven years ago. Her mind very soon became affected with the truths she heard, and she evinced a deep and abiding work of divine grace, by a regular attendance, a modest and holy walk, and devout interest in every service. She was confirmed by the Bishop of Chester, in June, 1835, at the age of fifteen years. There was good evidence of what she often after stated, with thankful recollection,

that this ordinance was much blessed to her soul, and established that work of grace which had before been begun. In a few weeks she was admitted to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and was ever after one of the most satisfactory of my communicants.

She was taken ill on the 10th of June, 1836. Whilst at her work in the Factory, she had a discharge of blood from the lungs, and the symptoms of some fatal disease were clear and decisive. But the evidence of her constant preparedness for sickness or death, was neither less clear nor less decisive. At the sight of the blood she was a little agitated, but only for a very short time. On leaving the work-room, she turned at the door to look round, saying to herself, "I shall never see this room again." In a day or two. I told her plainly that she had before her one of these three results—an early death, or a long confinement, or, if restored, a life of certain delicacy and weakness. I asked her if she could with satisfaction leave the choice of the three to her heavenly Father. In a frame sweetly calm she answered, "I hope I can." She continued all along most uniformly tranquil. Once or twice she told me Satan had been tempting her to doubt the security of her state; but that by prayer and the promises the temptation had been overcome. From that time she often said that God dealt very graciously with her, and often expressed the security she felt, and the blessedness of being interested in the covenant of grace. Once, of her own accord, she said to me, "I am sure, sir, the Lord answered your prayer on Saturday, for his presence and blessing on the Sunday—I enjoyed the day so much—I believe he was with me."

July 5. I had a long conversation with her on realizing our covenant relationship with God, which seemed to have left a delightful impres-

sion on her mind. On the following evening she was heard giving expression to her feelings in private prayer, and saying, "welcome, death! why tarry the wheels of his chariot?"

July 18. On going to rest, her mother requested to be awoken by her, in case she should sleep, if Margaret herself felt lonely. She replied, "Mother, I am not alone."

Aug. 16. She was removed a few miles out of town to try the effect of a change of air. She always spoke of the removal only as a means and a trial. She knew some who had been restored by the like change, and some whose end had been hastened by it. "Perhaps (she said) it may improve me; and it may kill me. It is done for the best, and I am glad to try."

One evening, after family prayer, her friends, seeing her very much exhausted, wept, as they stood around her. She checked their tears, and said, "You have just been praying, thy will be done, and now you are sinning against it. Though he slay me, I will trust him."

In September, finding her worse, and for a time daily expecting her end, I enquired if she wished to leave any message or testimony to the young persons belonging to the School. She replied, "I think I should; but I will think about it." In a day or two she said, "I have considered. I have not much to say, but you may tell them I am happy. Christ is faithful. I find him present night and day, and he is precious—he is all in all."

During a fortnight's absence, a friend visited her, and told her he was going to write to me; did she wish to send any message? He wrote: "with her usual mildness and calmness she answered, 'will you please to tell Mr. F. that I feel weaker every day; but as the outward man perishes, my inward strength is daily renewed."

I pass many sleepless nights, but Jesus is always with me, and he supports and comforts me. If it be the will of God, I wish very much to see him once more."

One morning (in October) she awoke with the impression that she had the Bible in her hand, reading the fifth chapter of Nehemiah, and was dwelling particularly on the last verse. The passage was referred to, and the words she had repeated were found. This circumstance proves a remarkable acquaintance with her Bible.

After this she lingered on above a year and a half, the disease advancing without any material change, though causing at times much suffering—which yet was always born with uniform patience, cheerfulness, and tranquility of mind.

At Easter, 1838, a manifest change took place, which gave rise to almost constant and very severe sufferings. This suffering, with great exhaustion, continued till the time of her death.

The following are a few specimens of the observations she was in the habit of making to her mother, who was watching by and supporting her sinking frame. They strongly mark her patience and peace, her affection and faith.

"O my mother,

" Could I take you with me there

Where sorrow's weeds can never grow;
You too your Saviour's bliss should share,
And say with me 'tis sweet to go."

"Mother, farewell! 'tis sweet to go. Jerusalem is my happy home. Yes, I am going home. Oh! how happy I am. Tell them all to prepare to meet their God, for, my mother, I cannot take you with me, but I can welcome you on that blissful shore, and

“ I come to thee, my gracious God,
 For grace to bow beneath thy rod,
 To acquiesce in all thy will,
 And learn th’ important word, ‘ be still.’ ”

“ I feel that I am clothed with my Saviour’s righteousness ; He is my risen Head.”

About this time I was again absent a few days. In reference to my return, she said, “ I hope I shall be able to speak, if it be the will of God that I be spared to see him, to tell him what the Lord has done for me.”

On one occasion she awoke out of a sleep, and not knowing that any one was by her, she was overheard to pray for her father, her mother, her dear pastor, all the scholars, all the communicants, that they may come to that Holy Table, not in form, but in true humility, as not worthy to pick up the crumbs that fall from the Table. She then added, “ I have often heard of a dying bed—mine has never been hard under me. It is truly said, ‘ Jesus can make a dying bed soft as downy pillows are.’ And now I am all ready ; come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Why tarry the wheels of thy chariot ? ” Again, “ oh ! my mother, I wish I could take you with me ; but I cannot. You must stay to do for the rest, if it be the Lord’s will—blessed be his holy name. Oh ! my mother, do not grieve for me as one without hope ; this is a happy state, for the Lord is my light. He is leading me through the valley of the shadow of death. He will be with me ; he will not leave me. No ; he is not a man, that he should lie ; nor the son of man, that he should repent. Oh ! what a happy state ! Oh ! my mother, I do so love you ! I do not feel comfortable, only when you are with me. I did not use to be so. I always loved you, but it grieves me at times to think I must leave you ; but you must live up to your profession, and always think that ‘ I can go to her, but she cannot come to me.’ If I had to do my

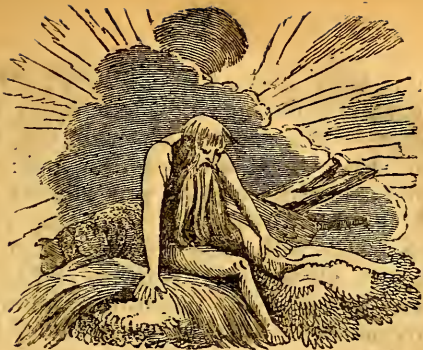
work now, what should I do? That I could not repent now; but if I die this night, I die a poor worthless worm of the earth; but Christ is my wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. Oh! mother, how I do wish I could speak to Mr. C. to tell the school that if I had my work to do, I could not repent now. I hope he will impress it on them to prepare to meet their God."

Her sufferings continually increased. On one occasion conceiving that delirium might ensue, in this following remarkable sentence she shewed how her faith rolled upon the Lord Jesus all the care of her salvation. "Mother, if I should lose my senses, don't be concerned about my state; for Jesus Christ is made of God to me wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." This passage she very frequently quoted. She also often exclaimed, "O mother, what a blessed affliction is this. If I had been in health, and all of us at work and earning, I might have been led into the world and sin."

Seeing that her end was now fast approaching, I enquired again if she wished to send any parting message to her former companions in the Sunday School. She said, "Tell them, if you please, not to put off repentance. I could not repent, if the work had been left till now. Tell them to value the privileges of the school. It was there I learned all I know about religion. And I should like you to dwell on the faithfulness of God. Not one thing hath failed of all that he has promised."

During the last two days of her life, her sufferings were extreme. Just prior to her death, they subsided, and she died in perfect peace, on Wednesday evening, July 11th, 1833, in the nineteenth year of her age.

R. F.



THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 178. OCTOBER, 1838. Vol. 15.

JOB.

Perhaps you may think it very strange that such a good man as Job should fall into such deep waters of sorrow and suffering. Who ever heard of such waves of trouble coming over a poor human being, one after another? It is a tender point indeed, when we are touched in our dear children. To see them suffer, or go wrong, or die, oh how it goes to a parent's heart! It seems to harrow up his very feelings, and to give a pang which no suffering of his own could inflict; and then, to have property all taken away, and to have the poor body visited with sharp and loathsome disease; and to

have friends, instead of soothing, only to aggravate suffering by their cruel mistakes. What a crowd of trials and woes is all this! And all this Job had; and do you ask why; and do you wonder that God should permit it? But stop a moment. Not only are we sure that the Judge of all the earth will do right, but we see much of his meaning, and much of his mercy in what he permits. God, all the while, intended to do Job good in his latter end; and so it was. Not only did a large increase of earthly prosperity burst upon him, but grace was multiplied to him exceedingly; and he learnt that respecting himself and God which could only be learnt to him by the experience through which he was carried, and which well repaid him for all he had suffered. Then remember another important point. His history was to come down to all future ages: and how many thousands of God's people have heard of the trials of Job, and of the patience of Job, and have been encouraged to hold on their way amidst all their heavy trials! and how it must swell Job's song of praise, now in heaven, to think how God had made him the honoured instrument of so much comfort and succour to others!

Ah! reader, you are young, and have much to learn. You little think how sweetly God can support and comfort his dear children in the darkest and wildest

night of sorrow. You think you never could bear such and such sufferings; but walking in the love and fear of God, you need fear *no* evil. He can and will make consolations abound as sufferings abound. Then welcome suffering which brings to light the reality of the Lord's love and faithfulness. Welcome every storm of sorrow that drives us nearer heaven.

W.

ABRAM.

From the time when God made that promise, that "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head," he always had a family in the earth who served him, and of whom, according to the flesh, Christ should in time come, who is over all, God, blessed for ever. Thus, when righteous Abel died, Seth was the one from whom the promised seed (that is the Saviour) should come; and then Enoch, and Methusaleh, and Noah, and, after the flood, Shem.

The family of Shem had—some of them, at least—fallen into idolatry. It is said, in the book of Joshua (chap. 22, verse 2), that they served other gods: but God's grace can call men out of idolatry, and his Spirit can turn men from worshipping dumb idols to serve the living and true God; and it is nothing but God's grace

that ever does call men out of darkness into light.

We have every reason to think that Abram, when God first made himself known to him, was an idolater—certainly his family were idolaters. The Almighty did, in some way (we are not told what), reveal himself to Abram, and commanded him to leave his own country and his father's house, and go into a land that he would tell him of. Abram believed God; he took God at his word; he was satisfied in his mind that it was God who bade him do this; that was enough. He had never seen the land; but God had: that was enough: so because he believed, he obeyed; he did what God told him. "He went out, not knowing whither he went." It was enough that God knew; and he trusted in God; and "it was counted to him for righteousness." He was justified by faith; he was pardoned for his sins; and reckoned a righteous man. God looked at him as righteous, and treated him as if he were so. But "faith, without works, is dead, being alone." If Abram had said that he believed God's word, and had not done what God commanded him, he would have deceived himself, and the truth could not have been in him; but he showed his faith by his works, and by his works his faith was proved to be true, good faith. So Abram left his country, and his father's house, with Lot, his ne-

phew, his brother's son, (his mother being dead,) and Sarai, his wife, and went away.

God gave him a promise, before he left, that he would make of him a great nation, when he had not any child, and that in him and his seed all the families of the earth should be blessed; and all the families of the earth have been blessed in him, by the example of his faith; for all who really believe in God, as Abram did, are counted righteous, as he was: their unrighteousness is forgiven, their sin is pardoned, and the Lord will not reckon their sin to them. Thus also, as many as believe in him who raised up Jesus Christ from the dead, are blessed with faithful Abram. And all the families of the earth are blessed in his seed; that is, Jesus Christ, who is the seed or son of Abraham; because he is the person who, by his death, saves us from death; by his obedience to the law, saves us from the curse of the law, and obtains for all his people an everlasting righteousness.

So Abram came into the land of Canaan, called after the name of Canaan, the son of wicked Ham, and grandson of Noah. Wherever he went, Abram still remembered God; he never set up his tent without setting up his altar. He knew that God is present everywhere; and that, wherever we may move, and however we may change the place of our abode, we

still are near to him. So ought it to be with us, when we walk by the way, and when we are in our dwelling; when we lie down, and when we rise up; when we are still, or when we are on a journey, we should still remember that God is present with us, and no change of place or circumstances should make us forget to give the Lord the honour due unto his name, and worship him with holy worship. We should set the Lord always before us; we should continue in the fear of the Lord all the day long; for if we, like holy Abraham, made our tent a temple, and our house a house of prayer, we should have peace and joy with us, and the fear of evil would be away.

After Abram had sojourned—that is, dwelt like a lodger in the land of Canaan for some time—there was a great famine; he therefore went down into Egypt. When he was close to Egypt, he told his wife to say that she was his sister: because she was very beautiful, and he was afraid that some great man might take a fancy to her, get her away by force, and kill Abram, if it was known that he was her husband. It was true that Sarai was his sister; for she was the daughter of his father, but not the daughter of his mother. But Abram told a lie when he said she was his sister, because, though he told part of the truth, he did not tell all the truth; and it is a lie to keep back any

part of the truth. He wished the Egyptians to think what was not really the case, that the person who was actually his wife and half-sister, was only his full sister. This was a falsehood, and Abram did it because he was afraid; and his fear arose from want of faith.

If he had firmly believed, at the time, that God went with him wherever he went, and could protect and keep him safe in Egypt as well as Canaan, he could not have had any fear. But how very wonderful this is that Abram, who showed so great faith in leaving his own country, trusting to God's word, should have shown such great want of faith in doubting God's love and power. But so it is. When God's Holy Spirit leaves us for a moment to ourselves, we cannot but fall. The man who has most faith becomes as if he had none. Even faithful Abraham, that did not refuse to offer up his only Son at God's bidding at one time, at another tells a lie, through want of faith.

Thus Moses, the meekest man upon earth, the man most slow to anger, was not allowed to enter the land of promise, because the children of Israel provoked his spirit so that he spoke unadvisedly with his lips. Thus Elijah, who was so bold as to slay before Ahab the priests of Baal, not fearing the wrath of the king, fled away almost the next hour, for fear of Jezebel, the king's wicked wife, who

had sent to him to say that she would make his life like the life of one of them by the to-morrow; that is, in plain words, that she would kill him. Thus, from Abraham's faith, we learn that God's grace is sufficient for us; from Abraham's want of faith, we learn that we are not sufficient of ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God. The one teaches us, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me;" the other, "I can do nothing of myself." Let us learn, then, to look to God, through Christ, for help in every thing; in small things as well as great; for a small difficulty is a great one if our faith fails us, and the greatest difficulty is a small one if we are strong in faith.

ANECDOTE OF LORD CROMWELL.

So plentiful was the life of this man in good fruits, full of singular gratitude and courtesy, that to rehearse all it would require too long a treatise. Yet one example amongst many others I may not overpass, whereby we may evidently consider, or rather marvel at, the lowly mind of such a person in so high a state and place of honour. For as he, coming with others of the lords of the council and commissioners, to the house of Shene, about the examination of certain monks, who there denied the king's supremacy,

after the examination done was there sitting at dinner, it chanced him to spy afar off a certain poor man, who there served to sweep their cells and cloisters, and to ring the bells: whom when the lord Cromwell had well advised, he sent for the poor man to come unto him, and, before all the table, most lovingly and friendly called him by his name, took him by the hand, and asked how he did, with many other good words; and turning therewith to the lords, "My lords!" quoth he, "see you this poor man? This man's father hath been a great friend to me in my necessity, and hath given me many a meal's meat." Then said he unto the poor man, "Come unto me, and I will provide for thee, and thou shalt not lack so long as I live." Such as were there present, and saw and heard the same, being alive at the second edition hereof, report it to be true.

ANECDOTE OF THE QUEEN.

While the Peers were still tendering their homage, an incident occurred which called forth loud plaudits, as evincing a most kind and amiable condescension on the part of the Queen. Lord Rolle, on approaching the throne, had much difficulty, from his feeble and infirm state, to ascend even the first step. Her Majesty, seeing how painful was the effort to the

venerable nobleman, graciously rose, and held out her hand for him to kiss. Her kindness was perceived on the instant, and the applause it elicited from the Members of the House of Commons, who were the first to witness it, was at once echoed throughout every part of the choir.—*Record Newspaper.*



ALTAR OF BURNT OFFERING.

You have here a correct representation of the altar of burnt offering, of which we read a full account in the 27th chapter of Exodus.

The sacrifices under the Jewish law were all of divine appointment; but they were only of value so far as the worshipper looked in faith, through them, to the great offering, once for all, of Jesus the Son of God, upon the cross; and when that sacrifice was offered, they were done away, as no longer needed.



BURNT OFFERING OF THE HERD.

The burnt offering was to be “without blemish;” and such was our great sacrifice, the Lord Jesus. He was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners. In undertaking to atone for our sins, it was necessary that he should be so; because he could not otherwise have been worthy to make full atonement. It is in the spotless innocence of the divine Saviour that we rest our hopes of pardon and reconciliation with God.

MEMOIR OF A SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

William H. attended St. George's Chapel Sunday-school, Kendal. He fell down the school-room stairs, and was so injured that he lingered in great sufferings nearly the whole of the time from the accident till his death, being

about three years. He was fond of his Sunday-school, and the public worship of God seemed to be his delight. His mother had taken him to the house of God from a child. In the former part of his affliction, he did not appear to be so patient, and seemed to shrink from the thought of death; but for more than twelve months before he died, a great change took place. He could now talk of his death with the utmost composure; it had lost its terrors to him. Spiritual things were now his greatest concern: his whole heart seemed to be given up to his Saviour, of whose name and offices, and love to sinners, he delighted to hear. He had many books given and lent to him, which was a great help to him; and when he was too weak to read for himself, his parents constantly read to him as he was able to bear it. One of his favourite books was "Scripture Portions for the Afflicted." This was listened to by him with the greatest attention; the hymn at the end he was very fond of; and as some of your readers may not be acquainted with it, I send it at the close of this little narrative.

W. H. was very desirous for any one who called to see him to read to him; but prayer was his delight. More than once I found him so ill that I thought he could not attend to reading. I asked him if I must read, or pray. "Pray," was his reply. On the question being put, if he felt himself a sinner, he replied, "I know

that I am a sinner; but I know that I have a Saviour."

He was visited by many kind friends who administered both to his temporal and spiritual necessities, for which he was very grateful; but he spoke little before strangers: he was modest, diffident, and retiring, affording a bright example of Christian patience, resignation, and fortitude under his sufferings. When he heard of the death of any one, he would ask if they died happy, anxiously inquiring if they had been pious. His cousin was reading to him of a pious young female, who hoped that her sins were forgiven. He said, "that is my case." On his mother asking him what was his case, he added, that he believed his sins were pardoned for his Saviour's sake. He seemed highly to prize the visits of his minister, the Rev. E. R. His countenance brightened up as his mother told him, from time to time, of his visits. One evening, he wished his mother to leave him alone. She inquired why he wished to be alone. He said, that he might pray. She had often observed him very earnest in prayer for something, and she felt desirous to ask him, which she did, and his answer was, "I am praying for a new heart, and a right spirit."

He used sometimes to burst into tears, and his anxious mother inquired if he was in great pain. "No, mother," he would say, "I am crying for my sins." On hearing some children

at play, he said, "O! mother, I would rather be as I am than playing." On her asking the reason, he said, because he might be running more into sin, and then he would have more to answer for.

He was very thoughtful for his parents, as a little incident shows:—A relative bought him a toy; on presenting it, he looked at it, inquiring what it cost, and seemed sorry that the money had been thrown away upon that which might have done more good: he had rather have had the money. His mother was hurt, he seemed so anxious to save money; but was relieved on asking him his reason. He said that he knew he had been a great expence to them, and he thought if he could save a little, it would help to pay the doctor.

I read to him your valuable little publication, "The Children's Friend;" he seemed much pleased, encouraged, and edified by the deaths of pious children, and desirous to follow them, as they followed Christ. He was desirous that his brothers should love and serve the Lord also, frequently charging them to remember, when they prayed, that God heard them; and he would not love them, if they did not pray with their hearts. Once he said to his brother, "John, I believe you have told a story." His brother asked him if he had never told one. His reply was: "If I have, I have repented of it."

One night, he said, "O! mother, I am thankful." "What for, my dear?" she inquired. "That I have a kind mother," he said, "and a father, who is able to work for us." About a week before he died, being in great pain, he prayed to his Saviour that, if it was his will, he would come and take him to himself. This he did with such earnestness, that a neighbour being in, was quite affected, and burst into tears; but the dear child was holding communion with his Saviour, and seemed unconscious of those around him. He frequently repeated those sweet lines:

"Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are;
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my soul out sweetly there."

On the 28th of December, 1837, this dear boy departed this life in the 10th year of his age, exchanging, as we have every reason to hope, a state of suffering for a state of glory, where there is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore.

"My soul! this curious house of clay,
 Thy present frail abode,
 Must quickly fall to worms a prey,
 And thou return to God."

"Canst thou, by faith, survey with joy
 The change before it come,
 And say, 'Let death this house destroy,
 I have a heavenly home.'

“ The Saviour whom I then shall see,
 With new admiring eyes,
 Already has prepared for me
 A mansion in the skies.

“ I feel this mud-wall cottage shake,
 And long to see it fall,
 That I my willing flight may take
 To him who is my all.

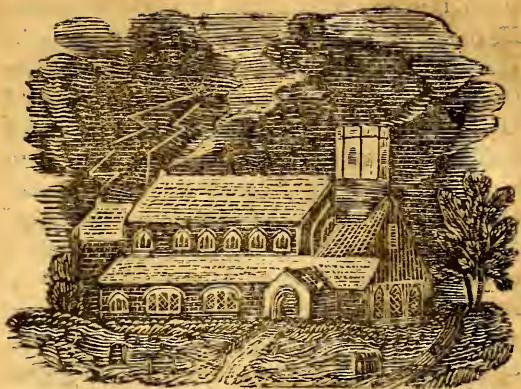
“ Burden'd and groaning then no more,
 My rescued soul shall sing,
 As up the shining path I soar,
 ‘ Death, thou hast lost thy sting.’

“ Dear Saviour, help us now to seek
 And know thy grace’s pow’r,
 That we may all this language speak,
 Before the dying hour.”

E. H.

EFFECTS OF INFIDELITY.

Cooke, who was executed at Leicester, for a very awful murder in that city, in his confession to the town clerk, alluded to being connected with a society formed principally of deistical young men, who frequented a public house in that town; in which the writings of Paine, Carlile, and other infidel authors were taken in, and encouraged. He emphatically added, “ I considered myself a moral young man, attending as I did some place of Christian worship three times a day; till unfortunately I got connected with the above and other infidel associations.”



AWFUL THUNDERSTORM.

It is a good prayer to make to God, that we may never forget his mercies because they are common. Our hearts are sadly prone to do this. We lie down in bed, and get up well, morning after morning, and do not think half enough of the mercy of doing so. How many go to bed, and never rise again alive! We are fed day by day, and take it all as a matter of course, and forget how easily we might lose all our means of support. So again, how mercifully have we all been preserved amidst dreadful storms which have proved fatal to others, without, I fear, being always duly sensible of God's goodness to us. There have been dreadful thunderstorms this summer in different parts of England, which have hurried young

and old, in an instant, into the world of spirits. Have not many of you heard of the twenty-six poor children all swept away, near Barnsley, by the water running down the shaft of a coal pit ! Oh ! what a scene it was, when their dead bodies were taken home in carts, one upon another. The poor mothers screaming and tearing their hair in the wildness of their distraction and grief. Poor children ! Were they all ready to die ? Had they all been led to know, and love, and serve Jesus the Saviour of sinners ? and through faith in him, have they all got thus quickly to heaven ? What a loud call to the young to be ready ! The youngest child knows not the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh to him.

Oh ! young reader, you go out in the morning to your work, little knowing whether you will return home alive. Surely this may teach you the value of all your religious instruction, and of the pains your friends take to bring you to Christ.

Then how affecting it was to hear of the poor coachman and his wife, both killed by lightning, at Kensington, near London. They had scarcely been married a year. He was found dead in his bed, and his poor wife blind and insensible ; and she died soon after in the hospital.

A poor man too was killed at Preston, under very affecting circumstances, just as he was giving some food to his wife, who had been confined the night before.

I am sure I wish to feel the Lord's mercy, exposed as I was out of doors to the terrible thunderstorm. May we all hear the Lord's voice, and learn to live nearer to Him, in holy obedience and grateful love !

W.

MURDER DISCOVERED BY A DREAM.

Sometimes murders secretly committed have been brought to light in a very remarkable manner. The following is an instance, taken from an American newspaper. "In the village of Manchester, Vermont, several years ago, R. Colvin, a man of respectable connections and character suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. All search and inquiry proved in vain, until, within a few weeks, a person dreamed that he had appeared to him, and informed him that he had been murdered by two persons, whom he named; and that he had been buried in such a place, a few rods distant from a sapling bearing a particular mark which he minutely described. The same dream occurred three times successively before he awoke; and each time the deceased seemed very solicitous for him to follow. Upon awakening, his feelings were wrought up to such a degree, and he was so impressed with a belief of the fact, that he determined to collect some friends, and follow the directions laid down in the dream. He did so, and discovered, to his great surprise, not only a tree

marked precisely as described, but also the appearance of a grave; and upon digging, found a human skeleton! After this discovery, Stephen and Jesse Brown, the persons implicated in the dream, were apprehended, and put in confinement, and after a few days confessed their crime. They were tried, convicted, and sentenced to be executed on the 18th of January, 1820.

PAPAL SUPERSTITION.

When Tetzal, a Roman Catholic priest, was at Leipsic, in the sixteenth century, and had collected a great deal of money from all ranks of people, a nobleman, who suspected the imposition, put the question to him, "Can you grant absolution for a sin which a man shall intend to commit in future?" "Yes," replied the frontless commissioner, "but on condition that the proper sum of money be actually paid down." The nobleman instantly produced the sum demanded; and in return received a diploma, sealed and signed by Tetzal, absolving him from the unexplained crime which he secretly intended to commit. Not long after, when Tetzal was about to leave Leipsic, the nobleman made inquiry respecting the road he would probably travel, waited for him in ambush at a convenient place, attacked and robbed him, then beat him soundly with a stick, sent him back to Leipsic, with his chest of money empty; and

at parting said, "This is the fault I intended to commit, and for which I have your absolution."

THE FRENCH INFIDELS.

The following affecting account of the death of several of the leading infidels in France, at the period of the Revolution, is extracted from Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Bonaparte," and strikingly shows that deism can afford no help in the hour of trial:—

"None of all the victims of the reign of terror felt its disabling influence so completely as the despot Robespierre, who had so long directed its sway. The Hotel de Ville, where he and his companions had assembled, was surrounded by about 1500 men, and cannon turned upon the doors. The deserted group of theorists within conducted themselves like scorpions, which, when surrounded by fire, are said to turn their stings on each other and themselves. Mutual and ferocious upbraiding took place among those miserable men. 'Wretch! were these the means you promised to furnish?' said Payan to Henriot, whom he found intoxicated, and incapable of resolution or exertion; and seizing on him as he spoke, he precipitated the revolutionary general from a window. Henriot survived the fall, only to drag himself into a drain, in which he was afterwards discovered, and executed. The younger Robes-

pierre threw himself from the window, but did not perish on the spot. Las Baras dispatched himself with a pistol. St. Just, after imploring his comrades to kill him, attempted his own life with an irresolute hand, and failed. Couthon lay beneath the table, brandishing a knife, with which he repeatedly wounded his bosom, without daring to add force enough to reach his heart. Robespierre, in an unsuccessful attempt to shoot himself, had only inflicted a horrible fracture on his under jaw. In this situation they were found like wolves in their lair, foul with blood, mutilated, despairing, and yet not able to die. Robespierre laid on a table in an ante-room, his head supported by a deal box, and his hideous countenance half-hidden by a dirty cloth bound round the shattered chin. The captives were carried in triumph to the convention, who, without admitting them to the bar, ordered them as outlaws for immediate execution. As the fatal cars passed to the guillotine, those who filled them, but especially Robespierre, were overwhelmed with execrations from the friends and relatives of victims whom he had sent on the same melancholy road. The nature of his previous wound, from which the cloth had never been removed till the executioner tore it off, added to the torture of the sufferer. The shattered jaw dropped, and the wretch yelled aloud, to the horror of the spectators. A masque, taken from that dreadful

head, was long exhibited in different nations of Europe, and appalled the spectators by its ugliness, and the mixture of fiendish expression with that of bodily agony.

EARL OF WURTEMBERG.

Felix, Earl of Wurtemberg, one of the captains of the Emperor Charles V. being at supper, at Augsburg, in company with many who were threatening the sorest punishments on the persons of the pious Christians of that day, swore, before them all, that before he died, he would ride up to his spurs in the blood of the Lutherans. That same night he was choked, probably by the bursting of a blood vessel, which filled his throat, and at once removed him from the world.

AWFUL DEATH.

The Hampshire Telegraph, in 1824, stated, that Thomas Mullins, who resided with a person of the name of Jones, near Beaulieu, in Hampshire, signified his intention of changing his residence, and was asked by his landlady to settle her demand of nine shillings. With great vehemence he exclaimed, "Mrs. Jones, may God strike me dead, if I owe you more than one shilling!" The words were scarcely uttered, before this liar dropped down, and expired.

HYMN.

I am but a little child,
 Very sinful, very wild;
 And my heart will oft rebel;
 Yet, I love my Saviour well.

Yes! I love Him, who for me,
 Died upon the fatal tree;
 Died, to save my soul from hell;
 Yes, I love my Saviour well.

Sin defiles me, but I know
 He can wash me white as snow;
 I shall live where angels dwell,
 If I love my Saviour well.

Blessed Lord, from all alarms
 Fold thy lamb within thine arms;
 And my life and death shall tell
 That I love my Saviour well.

ON THE SETTING SUN.

By Sir Walter Scott, when twelve years old.

Those evening clouds, that setting ray,
 And beauteous tints, serve to display
 Their great Creator's praise;
 Then let the short-liv'd thing called man,
 Whose life's compris'd within a span,
 To him his homage raise.
 We often praise the evening cloud,
 And tints so gay and bold,
 But seldom think upon our God,
 Who tinged those clouds with gold.

A. Foster, Printer, Kirkby Lonsdale



THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 179. NOVEMBER, 1838. Vol. 15.

JACOB AND JOSEPH MEETING.

What a meeting that must have been between Jacob and Joseph. Poor old Jacob had had a life of trouble and sorrow, but out of all the Lord delivered him. He was now old and grey-headed, and ready to die, when a famine comes upon the land. My dear young reader, we know little of this awful scourge in our day. The late cold, wet summer made us afraid for the fruits of the earth, and we many of us thought that God might be about to visit us with a year of scarcity, such as some of us are old enough to remember. And we know, I am sure, that

NOVEMBER. L

God could bring no scourge upon England, which we do not deserve for our sins; but he has only gently reminded us of what he could do, and what we deserve that he should do, and still we have the prospect of peace and plenty.

Well, Jacob, amidst his troubles, is hurried off into Egypt; but on what a delightful errand! To see his long lost son Joseph, alive, and on the highest point of earthly dignity. Many a weary hour had he pondered over the story of his strange removal from his family; but now he receives him as it were from the dead, and has one more embrace before they meet in heaven. Joseph, though so great a man, was still a dutiful, loving son, and he cannot wait till his father gets to him, he must go to Goshen to meet him. And then what a meeting! He falls on the poor old man's neck, and weeps on his neck a good while.

The love of a dutiful child will never die, even towards the oldest parent: and, young reader, never forget, that if God prospers you in the world, and you rise above your parents, it is your duty not only not to be ashamed of them, but to succour and honour them to the very utmost of your power.

W.

THE INDOLENT GIRL.

Oh! what a shame it is to sleep so late in the morning! every thing goes wrong afterwards through the day. Well, Harriet does not do so. She was up long ago, and she has had a nice run in the garden, and gathered a bunch of beautiful sweet smelling flowers. Before she went out, she read a chapter in the Bible, and she did not forget to praise God for his care of her during the night, and to ask his protection through the day. She is now going to learn four verses of the 91st Psalm, and she wants to surprise her father by repeating it to him, all perfect, on Sunday evening. It has not yet struck eight, and all her other lessons are learned. But has Ellen no lessons to learn? Yes, Ellen has all her lessons to learn, but she would not stir when her sister awoke her, and begged her to get up; so now she will only just be in time for breakfast, and then she will be all in a hurry to get every thing done by nine, which is school time. How different will Harriet and Ellen feel when they sit down with their father and mother and sisters round the breakfast table! How pleasant every thing will appear to Harriet! she will know that she has plenty of time to feed her canary, and to finish her pin-cushion, before school time; and how happy she will be to think she has pleased her pa-

rents. Ellen will have none of these pleasant thoughts.

When Harriet began to learn her lessons, she took her seat at the window, in the old great chair; for it was a lovely morning, and the sun shone brightly on the dewy meadow; but Harriet found it would not do to sit at the window, there were so many things to take her attention. Now a little bird flew by, and settled on a bough of the lilac tree, chirping and shaking its little wings; Harriet could not help looking at the bird: then the lambs in the meadow were running and playing together in groups, Harriet found it very hard to keep from watching the lambs, so at last she got up, pushed the great arm-chair away, and took her books to another place, where her attention could not be diverted. I dare say that she will soon be able to say her verses, while Ellen yawns, and is almost too idle to get up at all. Oh! it is a sad thing when a little girl forgets all her duties, to waste her hours in bed. Ellen knew when she went to bed what she had to do in the morning. Harriet not only knew what she had to do, but was determined to get up early and set about it; and now that the clock is going to strike eight, which had you rather be, Harriet, the early riser, or Ellen, the indolent girl?

NANCY A—.

This good little girl died the death of the righteous. While in health she had endeavoured to prepare herself for the hour of her departure, and when that hour came, it found her waiting to be taken home.

Her last sickness began on Tuesday. For a few days she was but a little unwell, and her family apprehended no danger. Little Nancy, however, seemed to be conscious that she should not recover. She made the remark several times, "I do not think I shall get well." Do you ask whether she was distressed at the thought? I answer, in the words of her sister, who tenderly watched her every moment, and caught each word she uttered: "She never breathed a desire that it should not be so; she knew whom she had believed, and that he was able to support her in every hour of need."

On Sunday she was visited by her Sunday School teacher. Nancy kissed her, and seemed delighted to see her, and had a great many questions to ask about the Sunday School and its lessons during the day.

On Monday, her family first entertained serious thoughts of her danger. During the day, a number of the most skilful physicians were met together in her father's house, to advise with each other in

reference to Nancy's sickness. After a second meeting, they pronounced her case incurable—they gave the family the sad intelligence that there was no possibility of her recovering. "My father," said her sister, "undertook the solemn task of informing her of her state. Fearing that we should agitate her by showing our distress, we all left the room but sister M. With tears chasing each other down his cheeks, my father approached the bed, and taking the hand of his dying child, said, 'My little daughter, what would you say if pa should tell you that you could not live till morning?' Fixing her dark eyes full upon his face, she said, in a mild, sweet tone of voice, 'Oh! pa, I don't expect to live; I am willing to die.' Thanks to God for that hope which is an anchor to the soul. How different was the answer we expected. She was naturally a most timid child, and always shrunk from the appearance of danger. We thought she would cling to us, and beseech us to save her from the grave. How little we knew of the strength of that hope which was in her soul. Overcome by his feelings, my father left the room, when sister M. kneeled down and prayed. Nancy caught every thing relating to the prayer, and appeared to enter into it with her whole heart. When we rose, I went to her, and said, 'My dear sister, would you not like to live

here with sister S. a little longer?' No gleam of joy lit up her eyes, no hope kindled in her face; she simply answered, 'Yes.' 'Still,' said I, 'you would rather go and be with the blessed Saviour, for you know, when he was on earth, he took little children in his arms, and blessed them.' Then joy beamed forth from her speaking face as she answered, 'Yes, I am willing to die.' Happy child, she was not only willing but prepared to depart and be with Christ."

May you, my dear children, when called to lay down upon the bed of death, feel as truly as Nancy did, that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

THE GNARLED OAK.

If you do not know what is meant by a gnarled oak, I will tell you. It means an oak tree that is rough, knotty, and very crooked. No doubt you have seen many oaks of this kind if you live in the country.

I am going to speak of a very remarkable gnarled oak, which stands by the side of the footpath in the field road from Leamington to Guy's Cliff; it is worth while walking half a dozen miles any day to see that tree.

When I first saw it, a friend who was walking with me pointed it out to me. "Do you not think," said he, "that the

oak tree yonder is a very fine one?" I thought it was. "And do you not think that the trunk is very sound?" I certainly believed it to be so; but what was my surprise when I went up close to the tree, and looking on the other side, found out my mistake?

Though the oak was fair to the eye on one side, and put forth goodly branches and abundance of foliage, yet on the other it was altogether decayed away. It was not merely hollow, but the whole side of the tree was gone, bark and stem, and even the inside of the part that looked well was like touchwood, with thousands of small round holes made by insects and worms, so that it seemed as if it had been pierced with shot in all directions. Many a decayed tree have I seen in the course of my life, but never one which so much deceived me as this gnarled oak.

We stood looking at the tree for some time, as it seemed to set forth a useful lesson. There it was, with its best side towards the footpath. It looked fresh and green; it put forth its leaves; it bore acorns and oak balls, and yet it had no heart: it was rotten at the core.

The disappointment is something to find a tree without a heart, but how much more so to find a human being in the same situation! and yet this is very possible.

You may well tell me that you have a heart, and that every body else has one too; but unless your heart is right towards God, you are no better than the gnarled oak. God gave you all you possess, and in return he says, "My son, give me thine heart."

Like the oak, you may appear to flourish; you may put forth green leaves of promise, acorns of outward good conduct, and oak balls of seeming usefulness, but for all this you may be a deceiver, and have no heart to love God; for all this you may be rotten at the core.

I wish you had seen the gnarled oak, for then you would have more clearly understood how deceitful appearances sometimes are; but though oak trees now and then deceive us, there is something still more deceitful than they are: the word of God says, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?"

Now I want you to try and search your heart, for whether you do so or not, God will be sure to do it. "I the Lord search the heart, I try the reins, even to give to every man according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings." Jer. xvii. 10.

Now fancy a moment the disappointment of the carpenter or the ship-builder, who, having set his eyes on the gnarled oak as a capital timber tree, finds that it

has no heart; that it is rotten at the core.

And think you not that the Lord of life and glory will, in spite of fair appearances, find you out as heartless in his service, and after all the care that has been taken of you before men and angels, show that you are rotten at the core.

Most likely the gnarled oak has deceived hundreds of people, for the passer by would hardly suspect that so good looking a tree would turn out to be so greatly decayed and perished. How is it with you? Have you been a deceiver? It is possible that you have deceived others, and yourself too, but it is not possible for you to deceive God.

The gnarled oak, fair and flourishing as it now appears, is not likely to stand many years longer, for it has no heart. Its branches will decay, so that neither oak-ball, nor acorn, nor green leaves will be seen upon it, and then, perhaps, will the owner of the tree say, "That old heartless oak no longer affords shade and shelter to the sheep and cattle, nor does it look pleasant to the eye; it must be felled." "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"

And is there no danger of the same sentence being passed upon you if you have no heart to love God? Did you never read the words, "The soul that sinneth it shall die"? Surely you must

have both heard and read them. Hasten then as a sinner to the Saviour of sinners, that when the trees of the field shall be no more seen, you may flourish as a cedar in the paradise of God.

The Saviour is willing to receive you. "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John i. 8, 9.

You will perhaps never see the gnarled oak which I have described to you, but never mind that, for the first hollow tree that you meet with may remind you of it, and then you may call to remembrance what you have now read.

FATHER DRINK'D AND MOTHER DRINK'D.

I was riding with my daughter when we passed a very ragged and barefooted little boy, about ten years of age. We were moving slowly, and I soon perceived my chaise to be inclining backwards, and I inferred that the child we had passed had gotten on behind. I stopped the horse, without uttering a single word, when the little fellow let go his hold, and passing the chaise, ran rapidly forward, in evident terror.

"He is frightened out of his wits," said my daughter.

"He is probably accustomed to such treatment," I replied. Setting my horse forward, we were fast overtaking the little runaway, whose cry of alarm was distinctly audible. We were soon up with him, and perceiving the impossibility of escape, he suddenly stopped. He was crying bitterly, as he stood with his bare feet turning inward, his tattered knees knocking together, and his right arm held over his eyes.

"What's the matter, my poor boy," said I, as I got out of my chaise.

"I thought you would have beat me," he replied.

"No, my poor child," said I, "I have no such intention. Do you get a beating often?"

"Yes, sir," said he.

Patting the little fellow on the head, which was easily done, for he had no crown to his hat, "Who beats you?" said I, "your father?"

"I have no father," said he; "father's dead;" and he gave way to a flood of tears.

There was something touching in the appearance of this ragged, barefooted, fatherless boy, and my daughter could not refrain from weeping.

"Your mother beats you, then," said I.

"Mother's dead too," said he.

"And where did they die?" I inquired.

"In the poorhouse," replied the orphan.

“And what got them into the poor-house?” said I.

“Father drink’d and mother drink’d,” said he.

The father and mother of the orphan child were, at one time, respectable residents of Roxbury. The father pursued at one time a lucrative employment, at which he was particularly skilful. Rum reduced him and his wife to wretchedness, and left their offspring, who is the subject of this painful recital, the poor, pennyless orphan child of a drunken father and drunken mother.

THE BIBLE IN CEYLON,

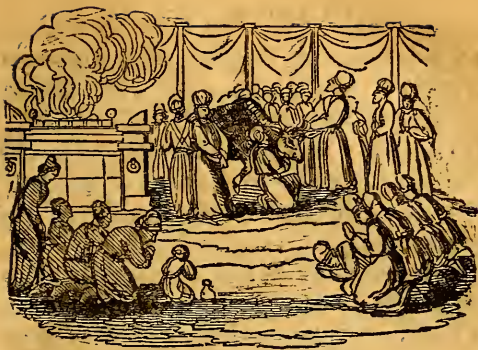
As I was travelling in a jungle in the dead of the night, which is the usual time for travelling, I heard a voice reading. I drew near the cottage, and found that the party were reading the word of God. I put aside the leaves, of which the cottage was composed, and saw the whole group, consisting of three or four generations, sitting on the ground, while a youth was reading the 14th of St. John. I waited in silence to see the result; and at the conclusion, the boy began to invoke the Divine blessing on what he had read; and one of the petitions was very remarkable: he prayed that God would make larger the ears of his grandmother. I

suppose from this circumstance that his poor relative was so deaf that she could not hear those truths which he admired himself. These instances were formerly rare, but they are now spreading over the whole land ; and though I am no prophet, yet I will venture to predict, that nothing like half a century will pass ere it will be said, there are no heathen temples, and no idols remaining in Ceylon.



MEAT-OFFERING.

The meat-offering is named in Leviticus ii. Some suppose that it was intended for the poor who could not bring living victims, but it seems rather to have been a thankful acknowledgment to God for providential blessings.



SIN-OFFERING.

The sin-offering (see Leviticus iv.) seems to have been appointed for such sins, ignorantly and heedlessly fallen into, as, if committed presumptuously, were punishable with death.

The bullock was carried forth without the camp, and then the guilt was typically conveyed from the whole congregation, who were otherwise liable to suffer for it.

Christ, who was made sin, or a sin-offering for us, suffered without the gate of Jerusalem, as bearing away the sin of his people, that when it is sought for it may no where be found. (Heb. xiii. 9—14.)

TO THE YOUNG.

“ Youth,” says Mr. Doolittle, “ is the fittest time that can be given unto God ; it being the springtime, and most excellent part of life.”

The service of youth is the most acceptable service unto God ; it is the time of strength, and the service of God calls for strength both of body and mind.

The service of youth is most valuable, seeing future life is always uncertain ; and it may be very short. A man that hath a work of great consequence to be done, and but one day to do it in, hath need to rise early in the morning, and with all possible speed begin it.

This, dear youth, is thy case ; thou hast a great work to be done, even the salvation of thy precious soul ; and thou hast but a little time allowed thee for doing it, and that very uncertain.

Doth it not then concern thee speedily, without any delay, to seek the Lord, and improve thy precious time to the best advantage ; yes, reader, yes, for it is the time to seek the Lord.





MOUNTS SINAI AND HOREB.

Exodus iii.

We may here observe, that the sacred locality is under the guardianship of a body of Greek monks, who occupy an ancient convent at the foot of the mountain, called the "Convent of St. Catherine;" by whose name also the mountain, supposed to be Horeb, is now distinguished. The monks shew, as the spot where Moses fed the flocks of Jethro, a valley at the back of the mount, between two ranges of mountains, in the centre of which is a solitary group of trees. They state that the original church, built here by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, was built over the spot where the Divine Presence was manifested to Moses; and where, afterwards, the present

fortified convent was erected under the direction of the Emperor Justinian, it was made to include the same sacred spot.

CHILD IN INDIA.

Mrs. Sandys, wife to a Missionary in Calcutta, mentions a remark which was made by her little girl, aged five years, when going with her mother to visit a sick person. "We passed (says Mrs. S.) a number of natives at their devotions, when she said to me, 'Mama, how wicked it is of those people to bow down and worship wood and clay, There is but one God, and they should worship him through Christ. The wood can do nothing for them; they can make a fire of the wood, so they ought not to kneel down to it, mama.' I answered, 'My dear, it is very wicked, and you must pray to God that they may know him, and worship him.' I then told her that we left England to come and tell them to worship God through the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;' when she said, 'That Saviour who says, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"—*Missionary Register*, Nov. 1837.

LITTLE INDIAN GIRL.

We followed the remains of a little Indian girl to the grave. She was the daughter of Anthony and Lydia, and died of a nervous fever, at the age of ten years. The parents evinced the most entire resignation to the will of the Lord; and her father said, "Of all my children, I loved this child most, for she was the most dutiful. Since she had the measles, better than a year ago, she has never been well. Some time ago she asked me, very seriously, whether the earth, and all that is therein, should be burned up, as she had understood the missionary to say at church; and having assured her that such was the prediction of holy writ, she replied, "Father! I have no desire to stay any longer in this wicked world; but would rather go to my Saviour, where I shall be safe for ever." With tears in his eyes, the father continued: "The Lord gave me this little child, and I dedicated it to him in holy baptism, with the rest of my children. If he chooses to take one or another of them to himself, I have no right to complain." — *Journal of the United Brethren.*

"OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

As late my little boy and I,
 Our evening rambles took,
 Among the sheltered paths that lie
 Beside the winding brook;

Just at the closing of the day,
 We met a funeral train,
 That to the grave-yard bent its way
 Along the village lane.

We followed to the church-yard wall,
 We saw the grave and spade,
 My eager boy would fain know all,
 For whom, and why 'twas made.

I told him 'twas a father's grave,
 I spoke of death and heaven,
 Of Him who came our souls to save,
 Whose life for us was given.

He listened, tears were in his eyes,
 Trembling he turned to me,
 Father, if you should also die,
 Who would my father be?

I took his hand, look forth, my love,
 On all this pleasant scene,
 The hills, the stream, the shady grove,
 The meadows smooth and green.

See on the slopes those flocks of sheep,
 Like drifts of winter's snow,
 The cows that feed beneath the steep,
 Where all our spring flowers grow.

The noisy insects passing by,
 The birds upon their nest,
 The busy bees with loaded thigh,
 Returning to their rest.

Then look above, where yonder sky,
 Its curtain o'er us spreads,
 With all its shining stars that lie,
 Like lamps above our heads.

You have, my child, a father there,
 Who sees you night and day,
 Who guards you with a parent's care,
 And listens when you pray.

By him the highest hills were made,
 The fields and valleys low,
 He raised for us this thicket's shade,
 And bade the rivers flow.

'Tis he who scatters seed around,
 Who clothes with grass the fields,
 And at his will the fertile ground
 Its fruits and flowers yields.

The flocks and herds who feel his care,
 Securely feed and stray,
 And birds and insects through the air,
 In safety wing their way.

You too, my child, his goodness guides,
 Through darkness and through light,
 For all your wants by day provides,
 And watches you by night,

Should death then rob you of my care,
 Look up beyond the sky,
 And think you have a Father there,
 Who will not, cannot die.

A DIALOGUE

Sarah. Mary, why do the flowers bloom ?

Mary. To show thy pathway to the tomb.

S. Why do the twinkling stars arise ?

M. To light our spirits to the skies.

S. What makes the sunbeams shine so bright ?

M. The Word that said, " Let there be light."

S. What is yon arch, which every where I see ?

M. The sign of Omnipresent Deity.

S. Whence are the winds, and whither do
 they go ?

M. That's more than mortal man on earth can
 know.

- S. What token does the beauteous rainbow bear?
- M. That Justice still cries, "Strike," and Mercy, "Spare."
- S. Why does the bubble break, O tell me, why?
- M. To show the course of all beneath the sky.
- S. What laws the rolling waves of Ocean bind?
- M. Those which in reason's limits hold the mind.
- S. Say, what is time, and whither does it flee?
- M. Time was, time is, and time no more shall be.
- 'Tis now, but soon 'twill be eternity.
- S. Eternity! what is it, sister? say.
- M. Time past, time present, time to come, to-day.
- S. Where are the dead, where can their dwelling be?
- M. The house for all the living—come and see.
- S. What is our life, why is it called a breath?
- M. Because it is a vapour lost in death.
- S. O death! how terrible that solemn thought!
- M. Not to the just, who have the victory got.
- S. O grave! where is thy boasted victory?
- M. Sarah, ask him who died for thee and me.
- S. O Mary, tell me what and where is heaven?
- M. 'Tis rest beyond the grave—to all the faithful given.

FILIAL DUTY.

Thy father! Why with locks of snow
 Are thus his sacred temples clad?
 Why droops he o'er his staff so low,
 With trembling limbs and visage sad?
 Care hath his brow with wrinkles scarr'd,
 His clustering ringlets shred away;
 And Time with tyrant sceptre marr'd
 The glory of his manhood's sway.

How oft that palsied hand hath led
 Thine infant footsteps weak from fear ;
 How gently bowed that reverend head,
 Thy childhood's broken tale to hear ;
 And when those wayward feet have stray'd,
 'Mid youthful follies rashly free,
 Those lips invoked at midnight's shade
 The pardon of thy God for thee.

If from his speech should dotage flow,
 Or eye, or ear, be dull and dead,
 Thou to his second childhood show
 The love that smooth'd thy cradle bed.
 Grieve not thy sire ! for if his love
 Unblest, or unrequited be,
 He, whom thou call'st thy Sire above,
 Will bend a Judge's frown on thee.

THE COMPLAINT.

O you, who at lighter afflictions repine,
 Arrest your complainings, and list you to mine ;
 And you, who can sorrow for every toy,
 Hear a mother's lament for her poor idiot boy.
 Still memory tells of that moment of bliss,
 When I press'd on his forehead a mother's first
 kiss,
 When committing the gift to the hand that had
 given,
 A mother's first prayer sought acceptance in
 heaven.
 I ask'd not for beauty, I ask'd not for wealth,
 The prayer was for reason, contentment, and
 health,
 That reflection might temper the fervour of
 youth,
 And his heart be the seal of religion and truth.
 My babe he was lovely in infantine charms ;
 And often, as sweetly he slept in my arms,

"O God!" I exclaimed, "what delight it will be
To rear him to virtue, to truth, and to thee;"
And fondly I waited the moment so dear,
When my baby should part from my arms with
a tear;

When his sweet voice should greet me with ac-
cents of joy,

But none were reserv'd for my poor idiot boy.
When the glittering trinket was held in his sight,
My infant would utter no scream of delight;
When gently compelled from my bosom to part,
No cry of unwillingness gladden'd my heart;
His lovely blue eyes never wander'd around
To seek for his mother, or greet her when found:
These promis'd delights were not mine to enjoy,
All arms were alike to my poor idiot boy.

His accent was plaintive, distressful, and weak,
No tear of emotion e'er stole down his cheek,
No frown ever sat on his forehead of snow,
Nor flush of desire was traced on his brow.

The first year, the second, my grief was beguil'd
With the fond hope that reason would dawn on
my child;

But hope is no longer: for seven sad years
He has lain on my bosom, bedew'd with my
tears;

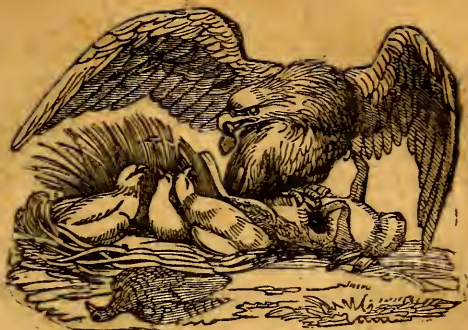
In vain I caress him, and lure him to speak,
He feels not the warm tear that falls on his
cheek;

No look of intelligence brightens his eye,
A wild vacant stare is his only reply.

Then grant me, O God! 'tis a mother's last
prayer,

The solace of death with my infant to share;
No pause of affliction is mine to enjoy,
Till I sleep in the grave of my poor idiot boy.

C. FRY.



THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 180. DECEMBER, 1838. Vol. 15.

EAGLE AND NEST.

“As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: So the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god within him.” (Deut. xxxii. 11, 12.)

This most beautiful figure obviously refers to the first attempts of the parent eagle to teach her young to fly. There are many vague stories which represent the female eagle as throwing from her nest all her eggs but one, which she hatches; and others, which state that she indeed hatches more than one, but fre-

quently destroys the most voracious of her brood. It is possible that these things may be done occasionally, as they might be by other birds; but all our real knowledge of the habits and character of the eagle agrees with the statement here made—namely, that, on the one hand, the mother frequently rears more than one eaglet; and, on the other, she is most kind to the young she rears. But, although attentive to them while helpless in the nest, she does not encourage them in indolence when they are able to provide for themselves. She rouses them early to exertion, and to the exercise of their energies; she watches and directs, with interest and care, the first efforts to fly; and, when finally assured that their powers are sufficiently matured, obliges them to leave the parent nest, and provide for themselves in future.

From this care of them while helpless, and to this careful training to exertion, the text takes its fine comparison, to illustrate the Lord's kindness to the Hebrews, his care for them, and the measures he had taken to raise them from that condition of religious, moral, and intellectual infancy into which they had fallen. Thus, to paraphrase the text, the eagle "stirreth up her brood" ("nest") from their inactivity and sloth—"fluttereth over her young," to incite them to try their wings—and "spreadeth abroad her

wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings;" that is, assists by her wings their first faint and feeble efforts, until, stimulated by her example, and rendered confident by the success of their first attempts, they at last plunge boldly into the air, and, exulting in strength, return to the nest of infancy no more.

We believe the expression, "beareth them on her wings," must thus be understood; for whilst the eagle may doubtless assist her young in their first efforts, and even support them with her wings when weary or in danger of falling, there seems no sufficient evidence for the story which states that the mother eagle takes the young upon her back, and, soaring up, throws them off in the higher regions of the air; where, if she perceives that they are unable to sustain themselves, she, with surprising dexterity, flies under them, and receives them on her wings to prevent their fall. That she does this literally, we may doubt; but unquestionably she does, in their first exercises, support and assist the young birds so remarkably as to afford some ground to the exaggerations which we find in the works of the old naturalists and travellers.

The eagle, as intimated by the prophet Jeremiah, (ch. xlix. 16.) usually "dwelleth in the cleft of the rock, and holdeth the height of the hill;" constructing its nest on the summits of mountains and

inaccessible precipices. The very simple form of the nest will be seen from our wood-cut, which also exemplifies the care of the mother bird in providing for the wants of her helpless brood.

A DYING SCHOLAR'S MESSAGE TO A BIBLE CLASS.

Make the Bible the study of your lives; read it with humble, fervent prayer for wisdom to understand its sacred truths, and grace to receive its precious promises. Be not discouraged, if darkness or dullness cloud the mind: if you are in earnest to secure the salvation of your souls, the Spirit of God can and will remove all difficulties. Lay up large portions of it in your memories while in health, for the Bible abounds in the richest consolations, which the sick bed, the death bed alone can enable us to appreciate. Volumes cannot express the exceeding great richness of its consolations to me. It has been my meat and drink. You may not now feel the value of them, but they will be revived to the recollection, and blessed to the soul, when all other supports fail. The promises are as marrow and fatness to me. When disease wastes this tabernacle of clay, and lays its remaining strength prostrate, that I have not power to move for hours, pro-

mise after promise of the love of God rises to my mind, and sustains my soul. O that I could tell you of the value of the Bible! It is my manna, my more than angels' food, for it tells me of redeeming love; it tells me that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and "that God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." O! it fills my soul with joy and gladness at the glorious prospect beyond the grave!

O that Bible class! I shall bless God, through the countless ages of eternity, for the instructions of that Bible class! I speak not thus of myself to seek my own honour, but the glory of Him who hath redeemed me unto God by his blood. The praise and glory are God's; to him be ascribed all the honour. O that it might redound to his glory, in bringing many of the members of our Bible Class to lay hold of the hope set before us! Despise not the preaching of the cross; it may be foolishness to the giddy, and the thoughtless, but, on the bed of death, it will be found "the power of God, and the wisdom of God." How can the sinner be just before God, but through the atoning blood of the Lamb! The sweetest consolations, and the strongest hopes upon the bed of death, flow from the cross. "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Christ."

“ From the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds I hear,
 Bursting on the ravished ear;
 Love’s redeeming work is done,
 Come, and welcome, sinners, come.”

And O, let one who expects shortly to appear before God, and hopes to appear washed in blood, and clothed in the righteousness of Christ; let such an one plead with you, that ye let not that precious blood have been shed in vain for you. “Ye have not been redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of the Son of God, as a Lamb slain without spot.” The desire of my heart, and prayer to God is, that ye may feel the value of that blood; that ye may be washed in it from all stain of sin, and be presented before God the Father without spot or wrinkle, that so the Saviour may see of the travail of his soul; and be satisfied in your salvation. O the precious blood and bitter sufferings of my Saviour. I cannot speak enough of them. The bitter anguish he endured for my salvation! Let these be deeply engraved in your hearts, and let this abounding love of God toward you, manifested by the death of his Son for your redemption, lead you to dedicate yourselves wholly to his service. I feel this morning that God is love; his love is unspeakable. The love with which he

fills my soul, words cannot express. O that ye may feel this love! Nothing but this could support me on this bed of sickness; nothing but this love could make me peaceful and joyful in the prospect of soon appearing before his throne."



TRESPASS-OFFERING.

We read about the trespass-offering in Leviticus v. An offender was required to bring to the Lord for his sin which he had sinned, a female from the flock, a lamb, or a kid of the goats, for a sin-offering; and if he could not bring a lamb, then he was to bring two turtle-doves, or two young pigeons: one for a sin-offering, and the other for a burnt-offering.

THE FRIGHT.

Some years ago, the son of a respectable attorney was placed with a surgeon and apothecary in the neighbourhood of one of our great public schools. He had not been there long before one of the scholars, who lodged at the surgeon's, in league with the servant-boy of the house, devised the following plan to frighten him :

One night, during the absence of the master, the servant-boy concealed himself under the bed of Henry before the latter retired to rest, and remained there till the hour of midnight, when, on a preconcerted signal of three raps at the chamber-door, it suddenly opened, and in stalked the school-boy, habited in a white sheet, with his face horribly disguised, and bearing a lighted candle in his hand ; the servant-boy, at the same moment, heaving up the bed under Henry with his back.

How long this was acted is not known ; it was done long enough, however, completely to dethrone the reason of the poor youth, who, it is supposed, immediately covered himself with the bed-clothes, and so continued till the morning. On his not rising at the usual time, some of the family went to call him, and not answering, except by incoherent cries, he was discovered in the state described.

The melancholy tidings of his situation were conveyed to his friends; on his removal to them, the facts having been disclosed partly by the confession of the servant-boy, and partly by the poor youth himself, during the few lucid intervals which occurred in the course of the first year after his misfortune. His father and mother were then living, but they are now both dead; and the little property they left to support him is now nearly gone, together with a small subscription which was also raised to furnish him with necessaries, and to pay a person to take care of him. He is perfectly harmless and gentle, being rather in a state of idiotcy than insanity, seldom betraying any symptoms of violent emotions, except, occasionally, about midnight, (the time of this unhappy disaster,) when full of terror, he exclaims, "Oh! they are coming! they are coming!"

All hope of recovery is at an end; more than twenty years have elapsed since the event happened. The name of him who was the contriver and chief agent of the fatal mischief is withheld, from motives of delicacy. If living, he may contribute to relieve the misery he occasioned. He was at that time a youth of large expectations; should he now possess affluence, his own heart will dictate what he ought to do. This pitiable case may at

once prove a warning to the inconsiderate, and stimulate the good to its relief.

How careful ought all to be not to frighten children ! A few minutes' mirth may occasion years of misery and wretchedness. Here we see a youth, who, but for this unhappy frolic, might have filled an independent situation in the world, but who is now living in a state of mental derangement, occasioned by the thoughtlessness and mischief of another boy, who, however rich, will never be able to restore that fund of happiness which he was the means of destroying.

How dreadful is sin ! How thoughtless is youth ! How uncertain and fleeting is every thing upon earth ! O reader ! what are your obligations to your heavenly Father, who has preserved you in being, and blessed you with reason. Improve it then for his glory ; seek from him that peace which passeth knowledge, without which we cannot be happy.

FACTS FOR CHILDREN TO THINK UPON.

My little friends, I am going to tell you some stories with regard to the Sabbath. And I will tell you nothing but what is true. God says, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." It is said also of Eli's children, that they made themselves vile, and their father restrain-

ed them not, therefore God determined to slay them. Now keep these two things in view as I proceed, and inquire whether it is not probable that God punished those of whom I am about to tell you, for their disregard of his command, and because they made themselves vile by breaking the Sabbath.

I once knew a boy who lived near me, and with whom I was well acquainted; we went to school together, and played together, and he appeared to be very kind and obliging to all of his mates. But he did not keep the Sabbath, but played about with other wicked boys. One Sabbath, late in the autumn, he went out on the ice, and played and skated all day. Just at night he came in and ate his supper in a great hurry, and went out again immediately. In a short time the alarm was given that poor George ——— was in the pond. All endeavours to save him were fruitless. He was taken out a corpse.

Another boy, with some other companions, went out upon the Sabbath to shoot birds. After spending the greater part of the day in this way, they stopped to rest. While standing carelessly with the muzzle of his gun against his side, and leaning upon it, it went off, and lodged the whole charge in his body. It passed partly through his lungs; and a few shot passed quite through his body,

and both of the wads were likewise lodged in his body. Badly as he was wounded, God gave him space for repentance, for he lived, although in great distress, for nearly a week. He underwent several painful operations, and the doctor did all in his power to save him, but in vain. His parents refused to let serious people converse with him. And some who came with their hearts full of pity for him, were forced to go away without being allowed to say scarcely a word to him. The night before he died, he was heard to say several times, "O mother, it is hard to die!" But he died, and where is his soul? Now, had he spent the Sabbath serving God, and seeking salvation, it would not have been so hard to die. But he made himself vile, and was not restrained, and the Lord slew him.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

When I was taking a ride one day, I saw a flock of sheep following their shepherd about, and walking in his footsteps. I was reminded of our Saviour's words, when he says, "And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice." This kind shepherd, I perceived, led this little flock from pasture

to pasture, seeking for all the nice green grass he could find for his sheep to feed upon. Such a good Shepherd, dear children, you have, and a much better one; for he does not only give you meat and drink for your bodies, but food for your souls. Do you know who this Good Shepherd is? It is Jesus Christ, who has said, "I am the Good Shepherd;" and of whom David says, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." Do you know this Shepherd's voice? Does he go before you, and do you follow him, and attend to his voice? Have you never heard this Good Shepherd say to you, through his ministers, "Come, dear children, and be my disciples, and I will lead you in the way you should go"? When your teachers have been instructing you, and have been persuading you to look unto Jesus as your master, has not the Saviour seemed to whisper in your ears, "Come, dear children, and be my little lambs, and I will enclose you in my fold, and take care of you; I will feed you with the wholesome food of my word. I will lead you through all the difficulties which that lion, Satan, will put in your way, and I will, at last, receive you into my bosom in heaven, where you shall live for ever with me"? O, what a kind and loving invitation from this Good Shep-

herd, who is also the King of kings ! and will you refuse it ? Perhaps, dear children, you feel that you are very weak, and that you never could resist all the temptations that Satan lays in your path. But even then there is a promise for you, for the Good Shepherd says, “ that he will gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.”

I was reminded of this promise one day, when I saw another shepherd carrying a poor, weak, little lamb in his arms, because it was not strong enough to walk : so will your Shepherd bear you about in his bosom. He will set his angels to watch over you, to keep you within his fold. Should you not like to be little lambs in the Saviour’s fold ? For I must tell you it is only those who belong to his fold on earth that will belong to his kingdom in heaven. If you are now within his fold, he will train you for heaven. He will make you hate sin, and love what is good.

A shepherd who is fond of his sheep will never let his sheep be eaten up by wolves when they come ; no, he will drive away the wolf. He will not leave his dear sheep ; for then the hungry wolf would scatter them, and eat up some. He will put his life in danger, rather than his sheep should be hurt. Such a good Shepherd have you, who has already given his life for you, that you might not perish at

the hands of Satan, who would have destroyed you. Yes, this kind and loving Shepherd shed his precious blood for you, that you might not perish in hell.

And now is there any little child who has been reading this story, and already wishes to be one of Christ's lambs? If there is, I will tell such a one what he must do. He must go and pray to God, and say, "Dear Jesus, pray make me one of thy little lambs; let me love thee, and know thy gentle voice, and follow thee; feed me with the sweet pastures of thy word, and nourish my soul into everlasting life; let me not be like one of those sheep who know not their Shepherd's voice, and run away from him; but like one of those obedient sheep who love to hear their Shepherd call them." Now, if you make this prayer from your heart, and continually seek for God's Spirit to help to keep your resolution, your prayer will be answered, and you will be a happy lamb in the Good Shepherd's flock.

Methinks my Saviour says to me,
 "I give my life to rescue thee;
 Wilt thou give up thyself to be
 My little tender lamb?"

Dear Shepherd, I would claim thee mine;
 My soul, O take, and make it thine;
 And let my heart now round thee twine,
 While in this world I roam.

Then when thou pleasest to remove
 Thy lamb to heaven's fair fold above,
 My heart and tongue, quite filled with love,
 Shall sing my Shepherd's praise.

B.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ANECDOTE.

A little girl came of her own accord to her teacher, and presented the tickets she had been collecting for some time, observing that she could not think of receiving any more; that she thought it sinful to receive pay for learning the word of God, when it was so great a favour. Her teacher remarked that she had better keep them until she had procured enough to purchase a large Bible. With childlike simplicity, (lifting up the little Bible she held in her hand,) she asked, does not this contain all that is in a larger one?

INSTANCE OF GREAT COURAGE.

A young officer had been awfully shot in the head while conveying an order from the Duke of Wellington, at the battle of Waterloo, and yet staggered on, and delivered his message when at the point of death.

How ought this wonderful instance of resolution and heroism in the service of an earthly master, teach Christians, especially ministers,

never to relax or be discouraged from delivering the message of their heavenly master to lost sinners.

AMIE.

“REMOVE THY FOOT FROM EVIL.”

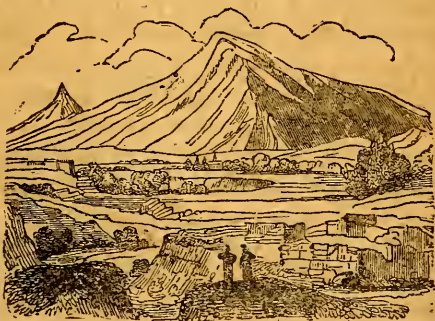
Prov. iv. 27.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Have you ever reflected on the meaning of this passage? Perhaps you have. But do you always obey the command here enjoined. Do you, at all times, when you find yourselves in bad company—among those who will lie, and steal, and fight, and who “remember not the Sabbath-day to keep it holy,” and “have not the fear of God before their eyes,”—I say, do you at all times, and in all cases, obey this injunction: “Remove thy foot from evil.” That is, when you find yourselves among such persons as commit these sins against God, do you turn away and leave them? And when you are tempted to do something wrong—to commit sin—do you always resist the temptation by withdrawing from it? If you do not, you obey not this injunction, and consequently disobey the command of God. And you are in great danger too, from their examples, of committing the same crimes yourselves, thus hardening your hearts, searing your consciences, and “traveling that broad road which leadeth to death.”

I will now tell you an anecdote of a little boy, with whom I am acquainted—he is only about six years of age—who was tempted to commit sin. His name is Lucius B. U. Not long ago, he was alone, in his mother's chamber. On opening a closet door, he observed some beautiful apples. The wicked thought immediately came into his mind, that he must have one; but he hesitated whether to take it or not. He looked at the beautiful apples; then took one in his hand! but at this eventful moment, the thought flashed across his mind, that it was wicked, that it was stealing! He dropped the apple from his hand, and endeavoured to shut the door. But no! his heart was set upon the apple. Again he tried to take it, and again the faithful monitor within his breast whispered, "it is wicked!" There was a great struggle in his breast, whether to take it or not. His wicked propensities said *yes*, his conscience said *no*; but, fortunately, conscience soon obtained the victory. With all his strength he slammed too the closet door, and with such speed ran down stairs, that he attracted the attention of his mother. "What is the matter, Lucius?" said she; "what has frightened you so?" He replied, "Oh! mother, Satan tried to make me steal an apple; and I ran away from him!"

Now this was a good answer; Satan does tempt little boys and girls to do wrong; he will sometimes tempt *you* to do wicked things; but

you must always do as this good little boy did,
 "Remove thy foot from evil." H. U.



MOUNT ARARAT.

This mountain, on which the ark rested, is generally supposed to be in Armenia. Its top is 17,260 feet above the level of the sea, and is always covered with snow, as indeed is the whole mountain, in three or four months in the year. It is a very grand object, being not merely a high summit in a chain of elevated mountains, but standing as it were apart and alone—the lesser mountains being so small in comparison, that the sublime effect of this magnificent mountain is not at all impaired by them. This great mountain is separated into two heads, which perhaps accounts for the Scriptural expression in Genesis viii. 4. The

heads form distinct cones, 12,000 yards apart, and separated by a wide chasm or glen. The Armenians, who have many religious establishments near, regard the mountain with great veneration, and are firmly persuaded that the ark is still on its summit.

THE CONSOLATION.

(Continued from page 264.)

Poor child of affliction ! I heard thee repine,
And my heart beat with sorrow responsive to
thine,

And one who has long been a stranger to joy
Has a tear yet remaining for thee and thy boy :
Yet say, can reflection no comfort bestow ?

Is no blessing mix'd in thy chalice of woe ?

Has justice unerring the balance resign'd ?

Has the Father of mercy forgot to be kind ?

Perhaps when you offered a mother's first pray'r,
Omnipotence listen'd, and mercy was near ;

You ask'd for contentment, religion, and truth,
For reason, to temper the fervour of youth ;

But think of the storms that must break o'er
his head,

Of the snares that encompass the path he must
tread ;

Of the joys that seduce, of the wrongs that as-
sail,

Thy guidance is feeble, thy efforts might fail.

Ah ! think, had the reason, by heaven denied,

Been the parent of error, rebellion, and pride,

Would an infidel's wisdom have cost thee no

More bitter than that thou hast breath'd o'er
thy boy ?

And look on that visage, that forehead of snow,
Those eyes, where no beams of intelligence glow,

Contemplate those lips, never sever'd to speak,
 The unvarying love of that colourless cheek ;
 Has wrath or revenge e'er contracted that brow?
 Can guilt or remorse teach that forehead to
 glow ?

Those sweet lips can never be taught to com-
 plain,

No oath can pollute them, no falsehood can
 stain,

No rose on that cheek will be wither'd by care,
 Those soft eyes will never grow wild with de-
 spair,

No restless desire can break his repose,
 No hope disappointed his lids can uncloze.

Ah ! think of the day when, at heaven's high
 nod,

We tremblingly fall at the feet of our God ;
 Where, surrounded by saints and by angels, he
 stands,

And with Justice omniscient the reck'ning de-
 mands,

While errors unnumber'd we cast at his feet,
 While each head shall be bowed, each bosom
 shall beat ;

Unbash'd, unconfounded, thy poor idiot boy,
 Shall ask of his Saviour his portion of joy.

Thy child needs no pardon for talents misus'd,
 For reason perverted, or blessings abused,

No duty neglected, no service unpaid,
 No precept unheeded, no law disobey'd ?

What page in the heavenly record is soil'd
 With the folly or vice of thy poor idiot child ?
 Though free to accuse him, what voice in the
 throng

Can say that thy infant has offered him wrong.
 Oh ! rather be this then a mother's last pray'r,
 Her infant's blest portion hereafter to share ;
 And recognize, oh ! with what raptures of joy,
 In an angel of heaven her poor idiot boy.

C. FRY.

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